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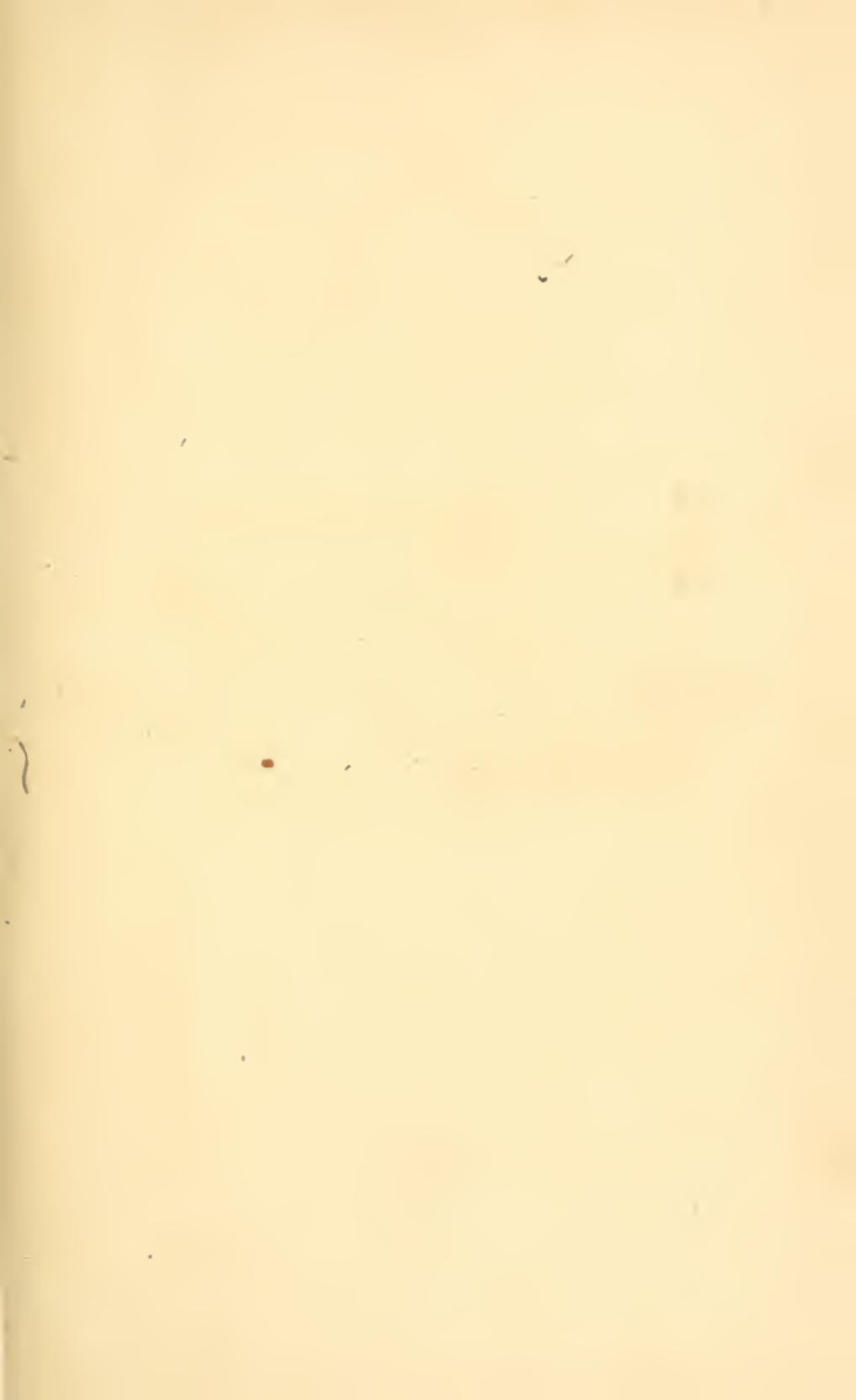
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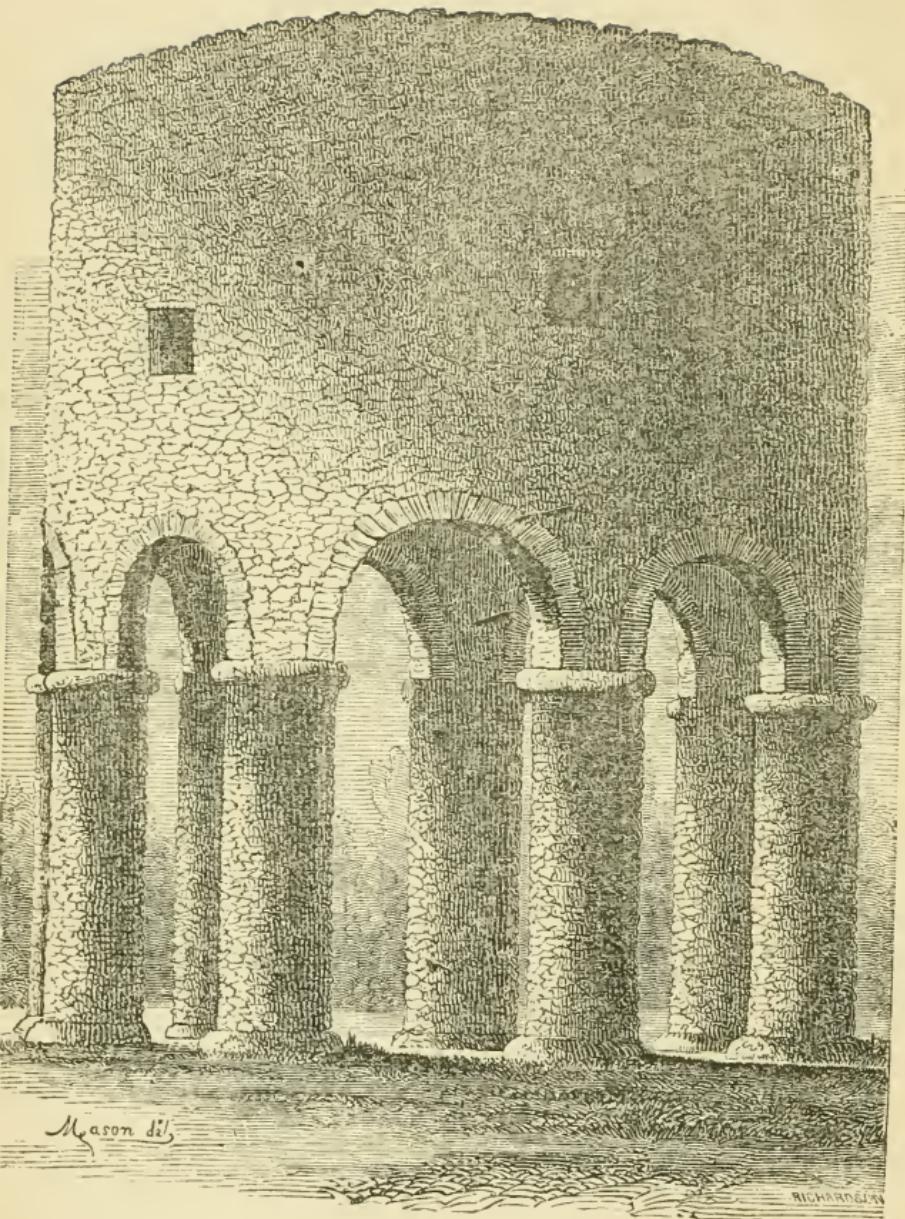
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA







THE OLD STONE TOWER.

A

H A N D - B O O K

OF

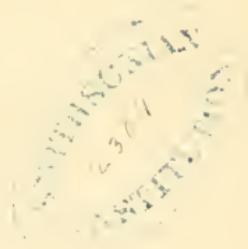
Newport, and Rhode Island.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"PEN AND INK SKETCHES," "LIFE OF CHATTERTON,"
"PREACHERS AND POLITICIANS," "LIONS,
LIVING AND DEAD," ETC., ETC.

John Ross Dix.

NEWPORT, R. I.:
C. E. HAMMETT, JR.
1852.



ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by
CHARLES E. HAMMETT, Jr.,

in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States for the
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DEDICATION.

To John Overton Choules, D.D.,

OF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

PLEASANT it must have been of old
To roam where never mortal man set
His foot upon the islands bold
Save some red son of Narragansett.

Then, on the beach, from forest-shade,
With springy step at dawn emerging,
Stalked the young warrior-chief, arrayed
In plait and plume, with Island virgin.

Then, when the mid-day chase was o'er,
The old men to their sons and daughters,
Mingled with savage tales of yore,
Their stories of revengeful slaughters.

No more the Indian tribes we see
Like serpents gliding through the wild wood ;
They startle, but on mother's knee,
And, but disturb the dreams of childhood !

How different now the scene ;—lo ! here
Summer's migration-law obeyed is ;
And unto Newport's sands repair
The town-tired gentlemen and ladies.

DEDICATION.

I, mingling in the flying throng,
Came gladly to a safe and true port,
(True from old times,) and tarried long
In the sweet neighborhood of Newport.

Amid my rambles here, I found
Out many a sweet and scarce espied nook ;
And deemed a Journal of each round
Might make a rather useful “Guide-Book ;”

So with my pencil and my pen
I wandered oft o'er bay and dry land ;
Sketched, wrote, and sent the printer then
This book of Newport and Rhode Island.

Kind friend ! as tribute to your worth,
Be *your* name with my volume mated ;
So, gratefully, as it goes forth,
To you 'tis gladly dedicated.

J. R. D.

NEWPORT, R. I., 1852.

TO THE READER.

FOR this little book no other preface is needed than what may be termed an apology for publishing it.

The writer, glad to escape for a season from the Babel of a great city, chose Newport as a sometime residence. After being there a few days, he experienced much difficulty in discovering the various objects of interest in the town and vicinity, in consequence of no available aid being at hand, in the useful shape of a Pocket Volume. With one of Murray's estimable "Hand Books" in his possession, he had easily threaded the labyrinths of London, and plunged into the purlieus, or strayed among the palaces of Paris; but here, no such companion was near to act at once as "guide, philosopher, and friend."

So, it occurred to him, after he had loitered long on these lovely shores, and visited every "Lion" of the town and its vicinity, that his written experiences thereof might be useful to the many who hither come in search either of health or of happiness. A want of such a GUIDE-BOOK, he has been informed, is felt, and he has thus attempted to supply the *desideratum*. He has not broached any antiquarian

themes—hazarded any scientific opinions—nor has he attempted, indeed, to be profound on any topic. Like the African bee-bird, he has but shown the way to Nature's sweets, leaving to those who may peruse his pages, the pleasure and the privilege of enjoying them, as he has done.

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NEWPORT AND ITS VICINITY.

CHAPTER I.

RHODE ISLAND—VISIT OF JOHN CLARK TO ROGER WILLIAMS—PURCHASE OF ISLAND—ORIGINAL CHARTER—FIRST DWELLING—HOUSE ERECTED IN NEWPORT—REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT—NEWPORT MADE A CITY—CLIMATE OF THE ISLAND—FOGS.

BEFORE entering upon a particular description of the Town of Newport, it may be as well to give a brief account of the Island upon which it stands.

Rhode Island is situated in Narragansett Bay, a locality too well known to need any minute description. It is the largest of a cluster of islands, is fifteen miles long, and about three and a half broad ; and it is divided into three portions—Portsmouth, embracing the northern, Newport the southern extremity, and Middletown, occupying the space between them.

In old times, only the savage roved among the plains or along the shores of the Island of Aquidneck, as it was formerly called. But what solitude is there

that is not discoverable by the sturdy Anglo-Saxon Race ? About two hundred and fourteen years ago, the venerable John Clark and a little band of persecuted brethren entered this then inhospitable and savage desert, rejoicing in it as an asylum of rest from the relentless hand of religious intolerance and persecution.

Unjust and arbitrary decisions of the General Court of Massachusetts had induced certain persons to depute Mr. Clark and others to select a spot where they might, unmolested, worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. They travelled through New Hampshire, and then went southward to Providence, where they were kindly received by Roger Williams, who had previously been banished from the Colony of Massachusetts for his peculiar views of civil and religious polity.

Mr. Williams recommended Clark and his companions to the waters of Narragansett Bay, and advised them to take up their abode on her shores. He also very kindly offered his services in procuring them a settlement; and through his influence with the two great Sachems of Narragansett, Canonicus and Myantonomo (whose confidence he enjoyed), a deed of Aquidneck and other Islands of the Bay was procured in the name of Mr. Coddington and friends in March, 1638.

Thus these venerable men commenced the settlement of Rhode Island.

The following is the original Charter of the Ameri-

can Isle of Rhodes:—" We whose names are under-written, do solemnly swear in the presence of the Great Jehovah, to incorporate ourselves into a body-politic ; and as he shall help us, will submit our persons, lives, and estates unto the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of kings and Lord of lords, and to all those most perfect laws of his, given us in His most Holy word of truth, to be guided and judged thereby."

The first settlement on the Island was commenced at its northern extremity, where a town was regularly laid out, called at first Pocasset ; subsequently Portsmouth. But so rapid was the increase of the Colony during the following summer, that it was deemed advisable for their mutual prosperity to commence a settlement on some other part of the Island.

Accordingly the next spring, Mr. Clark, with several others, removed to this part of the Island, and commenced a settlement, to which they gave the name of Newport. The Island itself, subsequently, by order of the General Court, was called the Isle of Rhodes, or Rhode Island, in memory of that celebrated isle in the Mediterranean.

The first dwelling-house built in this town, was erected by Nicholas Easton—all prior dwellings were tents and wigwams. Both towns were united under the same simple patriarchal form of government, of which Mr. William Coddington was chosen Magistrate or Judge.

The last of the original purchasers and proprietors of this Island was Henry Bull, Esq., who died in 1693, aged 84 years, who was afterwards Governor of the Colony.

In the Revolutionary struggle, Rhode Island took a prominent part. Indeed the first act of popular resistance in the great drama which separated the Colonies from Great Britain, and finally resulted in the American Independence, although claimed by, and awarded to others, was made at Newport in 1769, in the destruction of his Britannic Majesty's armed sloop *Liberty*. The Boston Tea affair did not take place until 1773.

In 1784 Newport was incorporated as a City, and on the first day of that year, the first choice of City officers was had. This form of government was, however, soon abandoned, and the old form of town government returned to in March 1787.

The climate of Rhode Island is most genial, especially so in Newport and its neighborhood—reminding travellers of the soft atmosphere of the Isle of Wight. From this circumstance it has not unaptly been called the *Eden of America*. There is generally a difference of ten degrees between the temperature in Boston and Albany, and in Rhode Island. The air of the Island is almost absolutely sea air; is moist; often replenished with mists; less cold than that of the neighboring continent in the winter, and less warm in summer. The temperature resembles in some degree that of England. Whatever is the

cause, it has long enjoyed this reputation, and accordingly has been, and is a place of great resort for both health and pleasure-seekers.

Among the peculiarities of Rhode Island are its visitations of fog. These, especially in April, are frequent. At such times the regular inhabitants are easily known from strangers by their absence of extra clothing and mufflers. These fogs are white and dense; and occasionally last for many days together. They are very salubrious, and "Walking Stewart," the celebrated traveller, asserted that they were "brooms which kept the atmosphere clean." There cannot be a doubt that they purify it.

The Constitution of Rhode Island is founded on a Charter, granted by King Charles II. of England, in 1663, the frame of government not having been essentially altered by the revolution. In March, 1790, the United States Constitution was agreed to, and Rhode Island State came into the Confederacy.

For minute details on the foregoing subjects we refer the reader to the volumes of the Rhode Island Historical Society.

CHAPTER II.

SITUATION OF NEWPORT—THE STREETS—NEWPORT IN THE “SEASON”—FENIMORE COOPER ON NEWPORT.

If the reader will glance at the map of North America, and to the particular portion of it where Narragansett Bay is situated, he will perceive in that beautiful anchorage ground a little archipelago. Of this cluster of Islands, that of Rhode, or as it was formerly called, Aquidneck, is the largest, it being about fifteen miles long, and, at its broadest portion, three miles and a half across.

At the southern end of Rhode Island, and upon the western shore, is situated the town of NEWPORT. It lies in latitude 41 degrees 29 minutes North, and in 71 degrees 17 minutes West longitude. Its position is most happy, for being built on a gentle slope, so that the houses and churches at the eastern side of the town are on much higher ground than those close to the main street, and by the wharves which form its western boundary, lying, as it were, in a recess of the land, it is protected to a great extent from storm and wind, while Goat Island acts as a natural breakwater, which, in conjunction with the point of land on which Fort Adams is situated, effec-

tually shields the town from the fury of the ocean billows. Of the harbor itself, and of the various islands in the Bay of Narragansett, more particular information will be given in another part of this work. At present we will take a sort of birds-eye, or general view of the town, and in future pages enter into descriptive detail.

Running parallel with the row of wharves and in a line almost as straight as an arrow, is Thames street, or Main street as it formerly was and is sometimes even now called, its northern extremity being near the cemetery, and its southern end a little way beyond Narragansett avenue. From this main artery of Newport, which is fully a mile in length, and of a convenient breadth, branch off at right angles with it about twenty-six streets, each of which runs into another long thoroughfare, Spring street, which is almost as long, but by no means as regular in its direction as Thames. A third avenue, consisting of Bellevue, Touro and Kay streets, is connected with Spring street either by fresh streets, or the continuations of those between Spring and Main. Behind these are other and smaller streets and lanes, and still further to the eastward are open and breezy downs, and fields which are terminated by rocky cliffs against which the Atlantic Ocean either gently rolls, or, urged by the spirit of the storm, beats the bold, defiant coast with its thundering surge.

Northward of Long Wharf, and just beyond the cove, four streets—viz. Washington, Second

Third and Fourth, running like Thames street, parallel with the water's edge, are intersected at regular intervals by about ten others, so forming regular thoroughfares, which on the town map, strikingly contrast with the irregularity presented by many in the middle of the town. The widest street in it is Broad street, a fine thoroughfare, beautifully shaded with elms which, for once, does not exhibit something exactly the opposite of its name. Continuous with this, is the West Road. Another road named Bath, runs from Touro street, and leads to Easton's Beach. During the last month a continuation of Touro street has been opened, forming a splendid avenue from the town to the Boat House, the distance to which from the Ocean House is nearly two miles. On this road are three beautiful mansions belonging to Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Parish, and Mrs. Cleaveland.

With few exceptions the houses are built of wood, and, many of these, of recent erection, are very elegant. In the old parts of the town, tottering fabrics, crumbling to decay and destitute of the adornment of paint, are to be found—many of them standing endwise upon the street, giving a straggling appearance to their neighborhood. Since, however, the town of Newport has become a favorite resort for rank, fashion, and beauty, from all parts of the Union, it has wonderfully smartened up, and, season after season, new and handsome edifices arise—fresh streets are planned, and various improvements are made. Still it retains much of its primitive simplicity of ap-

pearance, and there broods over it that spirit of tranquillity which is so entirely characteristic of a New England town.

Viewed from some of the elevated spots in the neighborhood, or from the banks of the island of Conanicut the town presents quite a picturesque, if not an imposing, aspect. Washed at its base by the ocean waves, beneath the blue skies of summer, its spires and towers rise purely white or stone-tinted, their gilt vanes flashing in the sun, and the green blinds of the windows suggesting the calmness and quiet within. Here and there verdant patches of foliage may be observed, dotting the scene with waving beauty. These green spots, however, are not numerous, for trees are comparatively scarce. But what Newport and its vicinity lack in sylvan beauty, is amply compensated by the stern majesty and the wild grandeur of its rocky coast—the beauty of its beaches; and by the interest attaching to various other spots in whose histories blend the associations of olden times, with a dash of the mysterious and romantic!

In the business streets are many excellent and some really elegant stores. An air of prosperity seems to pervade the place generally—but in “the season” all is hurry and drive. Then in the shop windows are displayed the most attractive wares. Fashion rattles by in gorgeous equipages; and from balcony and verandah beauty looks forth. The beaches are thronged with motley multitudes; and

splashing in the spray, in all varieties of bathing costume, are the seekers of pleasure and health. A few weeks rapidly pass away, and then the town returns to that quiet which from earliest times appears to have been its peculiar and distinguishing characteristic.

Fenimore Cooper in his admirable “Red Rover,” says of Newport :—

“No one who is familiar with the bustle and activity of an American commercial town, would recognise, in the repose which now reigns in the ancient mart of Rhode Island, a place that, in its day, has been ranked among the most important ports along the whole line of our extended coast. It would seem at the first glance that nature has expressly fashioned the spot to anticipate the wants and to realize the wishes of the mariner. Enjoying the four great requisites of a safe and commodious haven, a placid basin, an outer harbor, and a convenient roadstead with a clear offing, Newport appeared to the eye of our European ancestors designed to shelter fleets, and to nurse a race of hardy and expert seamen. Though the latter expectation has not been entirely disappointed, how little has reality answered to expectation in respect of the former. A successful rival has arisen, even in the immediate vicinity of this seeming favorite of nature, to defeat all the calculations of mercantile sagacity and to add another to the thousand existing evidences that ‘the wisdom of man is foolishness.’

“There are few towns of any magnitude within our broad territories in which so little change has been effected in half a century as in Newport. Until the vast resources of the interior were developed, the beautiful island whereon it stands was a chosen retreat for the affluent planters of the South from the heats and diseases of their burning climate. Here they resorted in crowds to inhale the invigorating breezes of the sea.”

Did our limits permit, we might be tempted to quote still further from this favorite author, who, in the tale referred to, gives some graphic descriptions of the state of Newport society, as it existed in old times. We have now, however, to do rather with the present than with the past, reserving for separate portions of this little volume, references to the ancient landmarks. It may be as well, however, to say here that although the commercial popularity of the ancient port has declined—yet as late as 1769 Newport out-rivalled New York in foreign and domestic navigation.

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD STONE TOWER—ITS SITUATION, APPEARANCE,
AND PRESENT CONDITION—CONTROVERSIES RESPECTING
IT—ARNOLD'S WILL—THE SKELETON IN ARMOR—
OPINIONS OF RAFN—SMITH AND COOPER—ORIGINAL
LINES ON THE RUIN.

MINUTE classification is very proper, and indeed extremely necessary in all matters connected with scientific investigation. It is, however, by no means indispensable in a book such as this, which only professes to be a series of walks and talks. And perhaps the most natural division one could adopt, in local loiterings, would be to jot down, without reference to strict order, particulars of, and speculations upon such matters and things as we may perchance meet with just when the impressions made by them are fresh and vivid. If, as Campbell tells us, "distance lends enchantment to the view," it also too frequently robs it of its distinctness, and in the hazy remoteness of the object veils the sharp lines which give to it half its character.

The curiosities of a city or town are generally the first objects of attraction to visitors. It cannot, therefore, be wondered at, that the singular struc-

ture which we are about to describe, should be one of the earliest resorts of the stranger in Newport. It is one of the “Lions” of the place, and as such has always, within the memory of man, claimed consideration and baffled curiosity.

Not like some gray old cathedral, whose

“Towers are crumbling one by one;
Whose turrets to the dust have gone;”—

Not like some abbey like that of Melrose or Tintern, where

“The moon—the regal moon intensely bright,
Shines through the roseate window of the west;
Each shaft an artificial stalactite
Of pendent stone;”—

Nor, like some battered castle, in whose courtyards rank weeds grow unchecked; and in whose chapel lie recumbent statues of warriors and priests in “stonen state.” Not at all resembling such remains, we say, are these fragments of an edifice whose former tenants, and uses, remain wrapt in mystery.

Before adverting to the various opinions which have been hazarded respecting this ruin, it will be necessary to give a brief description thereof, and of its situation.

The pedestrian who ascends the slight acclivity of Pelham street—a broad and handsome thoroughfare, which reaches from Thames to Touro streets—will, just before he gets to the latter, observe, on his left

hand, an oblong field, surrounded by high wooden palings. About the centre of this grassy space stands a strange-looking building, which exhibits convincing proofs of great antiquity. At first, one is reminded, by the upper part of the building especially, of the Round Towers of Ireland ; that idea, however, is soon dispelled on a closer examination of the lower portion, which has nothing in common with those also mysterious pieces of masonry.

On a near examination, this building is found to consist of a circular wall of great strength, built on arches, which spring from eight round and massive pillars. These latter bear evident indications of having once been covered with a thick coating of plaster, of which portions still remain. At a little distance these pillars appear to be composed only of flat irregularly-shaped stones, laid carefully one on another, but, on inspection, mortar, as hard as the stones themselves, is seen in the interstices. These pillars are without capitals, and are referable to no order of architecture ; yet considerable skill is evidenced in their formation. Above them the arches are well turned, though the materials are rude enough. Not a stone appears to have crumbled or decayed, and apparently the enormous weight resting on them has never forced them a hair's-breadth from the situation in which they were first deposited. The stones in the tower portion are disposed similarly to those of the pillars, and all appear to be as uninjured by time or violence.

The top of each of the eight columns projects considerably, in a singular manner, beyond the lower edge of the tower which they support, and at their bases are larger stones. Between these supports there are no doors—all is open to the wind and storm. Roofless is it, too; and though the blasts of many a score of winters must have howled around it, it shows no symptom of decay, though its great age is indubitable. Whatever has caused its mutilation, most probably has been the effects of human violence, and not of any elemental forces.

Within, all is as strange and puzzling and bare as without. Three openings are seen, which might have been windows, on the west, north and south portions. In the eastern, just above the arches, is a recess, doubtless used as a fireplace, for the chimney ascends through the thick wall. There are also cavities in which rafters appear to have been inserted. One blackened beam yet stretches from wall to wall—the only exception to the stern, rigid stoniness of the whole place.

Unlike what happens in the case of many other deserted buildings, no human interest softens the heart whilst the eye gazes on this one. In old ruins in general, you may spend days in looking at the different parts, and still have something fresh to see; you may climb one tower, enter one hall, mount one chamber, or descend into one dark dungeon cell after another, and still fancy that something will presently be seen to throw light upon the matter:

an area of not many feet diameter contains all that is here to be beheld ; and you may look at these massy columns, and the roofless, round and massive tower which they support, and you may look as long, as hard and as often as you please, but nothing but eight bare columns, and a supported tower as bare, can you discover.

The circumference of this remarkable ruin is exactly eighty-one feet ; the pillars are three feet in circumference, and about ten feet high ; the tower, twenty feet in altitude,—making the entire elevation from the ground, as nearly as possible, thirty feet,—and the upper wall one foot and a half in thickness.

By the inhabitants of Newport, this building goes by the name of the Old Stone Mill, and so it is marked on Mr. H. F. Walling's map of the town. For years past it has been a bone of antiquarian contention ; but of its true origin and uses, "no man knoweth until this day." Grave and learned societies have discussed the topic. From far and near, searching historians and fanciful dreamers have come to wander round the circle of stones—silent and mysterious as those of lonely cairns and stern gray cromlechs ; but all is conjecture ; and the "oldest inhabitant" can tell no more respecting it than the little infant who was born yesterday. A very few years since, a man aged 106 years, who died in Newport, declared that, in *his* boyhood, the mystery was as great as now ; for old men of that time knew

naught of the matter, and only spoke of the structure as "The Old Stone Mill."

Mr. George C. Mason, in his very clever sketches of "Newport and its Environs," says:—

"It has been conjectured by many that this building must have been the work of the Northmen when settled in America; and taken by some to be proof irrefragable that here is to be sought the famous Vineland discovered by Biorn and his companions, and visited afterwards by adventurers from Iceland, many centuries before the voyage of Verrozano, and the discoveries by the Cabots. More recent and authentic inquiries, and particularly the recovery of the will of Governor Benedict Arnold, executed in 1677, have determined the character of the structure, which was no doubt erected as a mill for grinding Indian corn and other grain, soon after the settlement of the colony in 1639. This mill, built in the style then common in England, was placed upon land either originally allotted to, or which soon came into possession of the family of Arnold, and is formed of the same material which is used in the numberless stone walls which now enclose and divide Rhode Island proper, and that, at its discovery and settlement, was loosely strown over a greater part of its surface. The cement which binds this material is as hard as the stone itself, and was formed in part of the marine shells and exuviae then to be found in abundance on the shores of the island immediately contiguous."

The following is the clause of the will of Governor Arnold, referred to in the preceding statement:—

"— Willing and appointing that, after my decease, my body may be decently interred by my executors, hereafter in this writing named; and the charge of such interment to be defrayed out of my personal estate. My body I desire and appoint to be buried at the north-east corner of a parcel of ground three rods square, being of

and lying in my land, in or near the line or path from my dwelling house leading to MY STONE-BUILT WINDMILL, in the town of Newport abovementioned."

The Governor's request was strictly complied with. He lies interred in the tract of land here described, some rods below the old ruin, in the ground immediately adjoining the present Unitarian Church in Mill street.

Antiquarians, like doctors, are apt to disagree. There are many learned men who are by no means disposed to embrace the prosaic and unromantic WINDMILL theory, and believe profoundly that the Danes fairly claimed it as a work of their early ancestors.

Professor Rafn, in the *Memoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord* for 1838, 1839, says:—

"There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient edifices of the North were constructed, the style which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the 12th century; that style which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the Round Arch style, the same which in England is called Saxon, and sometimes Norman architecture.

"Of the ancient structure in Newport, there are no ornaments remaining which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier, rather than of a later, period. From such character-

istics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all, who are familiar with old Northern architecture, will concur: THAT THIS BUILDING was erected at a period, decidedly not LATER THAN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted, in modern times, to various uses—for example, as the superstructure of a wind-mill, and latterly, as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fire-place, and the apertures made above the columns; that this building could not have been erected for a wind-mill is what an architect will easily discern."

Longfellow, the poet, referring to this high authority of Rafn's, in allusion to a poem—"The Skeleton in Armor"—in which he intimates a poetical use for the stone building, says:—

"I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad; though doubtless many an honest citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the round tower, will be ready to exclaim with Sancho: 'God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a wind-mill! and no one could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head!'"

Mr. Longfellow informs us that, having heard of a skeleton being dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor, the idea occurred to him of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport. He has thus linked the one with the other in most harmonious verse; Viking's supposed skeleton is addressing the poet in reply to his apostrophe:

“ As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden ;
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

“ Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloudlike we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward ;
There, for my lady's bower,
Built I this lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward !

“ There lived we many years ;
Time dried the maiden's tears ;
She had forgot her fears ;
She was a mother !
Death closed her mild blue eyes ;
Under that tower she lies !
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another !”

Poets have a prescriptive right to use licenses. We apprehend the lady must have had a bleak bower of it, and fear that unless she was a hardy blossom, she was early nipped. To be sure roses and eglantine would have tempered the rough gales and rendered the grey stones less repulsive, but, on the whole, we incline to believe that the prosaic Raf. would not have assigned to the Newport ruin so elegant an origin as that hinted at by the genius of America's great poet.

Mr. Joshua Toulmin Smith, in his “ Northmen in New England, or America in the Tenth Century,” rig-

orously insists that this tower was built by the Northmen. He asserts that, though it has been called a mill, in old deeds, no one ever heard of its being one, nor is there any record of its having been a mill. "We know," he says, "that no Indians ever did, or ever could build it. It is certain that it has not been built by an Anglo-Saxon hand since this country was colonized from England, else some record must remain; and none does exist, or has existed, within the memory of man. It commands a full view of the harbor and the opposite coast, thus forming a most admirable place for look-out. We have seen it demonstrated from the manuscript documents, the evidence of which we have examined, that the Northmen resided in this neighborhood (Newport), for, at any rate, some years; and it would certainly appear, from the manner in which it is stated, that each one, after Leif asked of him the uses of dwellings which he had built, and which he agreed expressly to *lend*, but not to *give* them,—thus implying that they would be available at a future day to himself; that the buildings erected here by the Northmen were substantial, most probably of stone, *as dwellings erected by them are found to have been in Greenland*. The strength and thickness of these walls correspond precisely to the structure of the ruins found in Greenland. These points, then, presenting so many coincidences, and such difficulties existing as to the origin of the structure, the question arises, to give these coincidences additional force: By whom can this

tower possibly have been built, except by the Northmen? We know that they were capable of building it, because we find structures, of the same age, and equal strength, and requiring as much skill, which are known to owe their origin to them. The obvious utility of such a building, as a place of look-out to them, I need not state."

One more opinion from a source entitled to all respect.

All the reading world is aware that Fenimore Cooper, in his "Red Rover," commenced with some graphic sketches in Newport. In the very stone ruin of which we have been speaking one of the early incidents is laid. To the edition of the tale recently published, Mr. Cooper added a preface, dated Jan. 1, 1850, in which he says, with reference to that incident:—

"Those who are not content to accept a simple solution of this antiquarian problem, have assailed the innocent manner in which we have termed it a mill, and have claimed for the little structure an origin as remote as the times of the Northmen, who are supposed to have preceded Columbus in his voyage to the Western Hemisphere. We pretend to no exclusive knowledge on the subject, never having seen this much-talked-of ruin but once, and then only in a hurried visit of a single half hour. It must be confessed that it struck the writer as the very obvious remains of a wind-mill, and as nothing else; though there may be better reasons than he can give to the contrary, for supposing it to have been erected for a fortress several centuries ago. We can imagine the use in placing a mill on arches, as it is a very simple process, and one often had recourse to, in order to prevent the ravages of the mice; but it is not so easy to see why

the extra labor of forming arches, the loss of room, and the additional risk from fire, should all be voluntarily incurred to raise up a fortress against savages. Under no circumstances would it seem, could such a tower be less expensive, less difficult to construct, and less secure, by building it up as a solid structure from the ground, than by raising it in the air, on senseless but useless pillars, as must have been the case if we are to suppose the building for the purposes of defence. The lower apartment, which, on this antiquarian theory, would be thrown away, might have been of great daily utility, as it certainly would have added to the strength of the tower; thus reducing these poor Northmen to the dilemma of having it inferred that their intelligence was of so low a stamp as to lead them to expend their time and labor in raising an elaborate structure that would be less likely to effect all their objects than one more simple.

* * * * * *

“—— We have given our reasons here for disbelieving the theory of the citadel of the Northmen. If others prefer to tilt with a windmill we commend them to their own gallantry and the sympathy of Sancho Panza. Thank Heaven ! we have never published anything which involves the necessity of believing that four vessels, with their topsails aback, drifted round the earth in two hours and a half, in straight lines, regardless of isles and continents, which creates the necessity of supposing that a crippled craft will drift to windward; or have asserted that any particular battle, the property of the whole nation, belongs to ‘the naval annals of New York.’ They who have maintained such historical and philosophical *tours de force* are quite right to top off their mental labors by maintaining that the ‘Newport Ruin’ was a dwelling of the Cæsars.”

So much for conflicting opinions. In all probability the question of windmill or fortress,—Look-out or Lady’s bower, will remain a vexed one so long as one stone of the old tower shall stand on another.

The reader must form his own conjectures, and to such we leave him.

We close our remarks with a few original lines.

—

On the Old ſtone Tower.

Upon the hoary cliffs, in splendor,
Is fading evening's rosy beam;
And whilst ten thousand stars attend her,
The moon ascends o'er town and stream!
On the dim sward the shadow falls
Of this old tower's mysterious walls;
As if it were some gnomon vast,
To chronicle the ages past!

To me, the sombre pile thus viewing,
These stones, (to careless eyes so mean,)
Take the sad grandeur of a ruin
By quick imagination seen!
And here by memory's moon descreid,
Forms, mailed, or crown'd, to fancy, glide;
Each former occupant's mute ghost
Swelling a disembodied host!

As when uprose this structure first,—
—A tall, strange column, 'gainst the sky!
So doth it, in its newness, burst
On fancy's retroverted eye;
A pillar built of island stone;
Its use to roving tribes unknown;
A mystery on Aquidneck's shore,
To Sachem and to Sagamore!

Oh! that from out this pillared cirque,
Some voice might issue—and to me
Reveal who wrought this stonen work,
In the vast hoar antiquity! —

Tell why, within the forest shade,
Pillar, and arch, and wall, were made ?
And, when the toil was o'er at length,
Whose dwelling was this tower of strength ?

Vain wish ?—nought breaks the stillness here,
Save night winds as they o'er me sweep,
Bearing, unto my pensive ear
The murmurs of the distant deep !
Or hoot of owl, on shadowy wing
O'er the dim landscape hovering ;
Or scream of sea-bird, far away
Sounding, o'er Narragansett bay !

We trace some planet's radiant course ;
Tell when the comet shall return ;
Measure the wind's resistless force ;
And nature's mighty secrets learn ;—
Yet vain our toil when we begin
Old tower, to trace *thy* origin ;
And as thou art, thou aye wilt be
A marvel, and a mystery !

CHAPTER IV.

COAST SCENERY—PECULIAR FORMATION OF ROCKS—GEOLOGICAL SPECULATIONS—EASTON'S POINT—THE BLUFF—PURGATORY—LEGENDS—THE DEVIL AND THE SQUAW—THE LOVER'S LEAP.

WHEN Mrs. Hemans, in her fine poem of the “Pilgrim Fathers,” described them as having landed on “The *wild* New England shore,” she well described, though she had never seen it, the character of that iron-bound coast. Finer specimens of such bold scenery are nowhere to be seen than in the neighborhood of Newport. Gazing on the map of the islands of Narragansett Bay, a geologist might well imagine that in some far remote age, a mighty convulsion of nature violently separated them from the main land of which possibly they once formed a part, leaving them with jagged-edged shores, which, in the course of centuries, have been worn into high bluffs, rounded ledges, and smooth beaches, by the silent but surely progressive actions of wind and wave.

The formation of the rocks which bound the southern shore of Rhode Island, and those particularly to the west of Newport, are of a peculiar organization.

About a mile and a half from the town is a remarkable range of cliffs formed of pudding-stone, exactly like that which abounds in the neighborhood of Boston. These cliffs are upwards of forty feet in height, and contain a natural curiosity which we shall presently describe.

Some years ago, an American *Savant*, who visited these rocks and was struck with their strangeness, gave it as his opinion that they were undoubtedly derived from the petrifaction of vegetable matter; and he supposed that the progress of petrifaction had been going on probably a million of years; perhaps two million; and not improbably five or six. This hypothesis, however, will scarcely be entertained by any one who remembers that vegetable matter contains in itself no principle of petrifaction. A great deal might be said in contradiction to this philosopher's opinion, but this is a guide-book, not a geological treatise—it is sufficient to say that such stones as are always found in the embosoming mass, and which represent the plums of the pudding-stone, are the very same, and lie in just such clusters as those embedded in the earth around them; the pudding-stone is formed by the efficacy of a fluid, cementing, and thus petrifying, the earth; and that its substance is not vegetable matter.

PURGATORY.

In the range of cliffs—there is, as we said, a natural curiosity—one of the “show places” of New-

port, and well worthy is it of a visit. Those whose tastes are rather dependent for their gratification on the productions of nature than on those of art, will prefer a ramble on the rocks to the examination of a ruin. Both possess their charms. We have, in the matter of the stone tower, spoken of man's work —let us now devote a page or two to the description of a specimen of that of the Divine Architect's doing.

We will, for the purpose of acting as a guide to "Purgatory"—start not, reader, we are not about to guide you, like Dante, to that place mysterious, where Hamlet's father tells us, sins are "burnt and purged away"—but to an absolutely mundane scene. We will, we say, take a central starting place from the town, and no more convenient one offers than that point where the Bath-road stretches from Touro-street.

Proceeding along this thoroughfare, and passing on our way pleasant mansions—rural cottages, and broad fields, we arrive at Ocean Cottage, with its neat verandah running around it, and perched on a prominence from whence a glorious view bursts upon the eye. Beneath and beyond us stretches the broad sea beach,—the blue Atlantic waves, crested with white sparkling foam, rolling gently along its yellow sands, or foaming around tiny rocks, seaweed clad, where some clam-seekers are at work. Far away to the right, until lost in the horizon, sweep the billows; and on the left lie the still

waters of the Big or Easton's Pond—a very wintry paradise for skaters. Right before us, stretches out Easton's Point into the ocean, forming the barrier of the lovely bay. Easton's beach we must speak of hereafter. So descending this hill, and, through shingles and shells, picking our pathway past the bathing houses, we travel pleasantly and at length arrive at a clear stream which forms the outlet from Easton's Pond, and which dancing over pebbles, and streaming in divided channels over the "ribbed sea sand," mingles its limpid waters with the brine of the Atlantic deep.

There is no bridge by which you, our fair companion, may cross this foot-deep stream—no boat to ferry you across towards Purgatory; but fear not, nor look with eager eyes at yonder wagon drawn by oxen, in the hope that it is coming hitherward and so enable you to ride across this pond-fed rivulet. See—it stops to take up a far less lovely load—a heap of stones. But, mark you, "I hope enchanted smiles, and"—beckons us a little way up the stream. Stepping stones! yes—here is an archless bridge—a pathway of large, unconnected fragments of rock—some round, and just glossed over with the running translucent water; some with sharp spiny backs emerging from the stream—others so flat that one might dance a hornpipe on them. Come, venture with us, and our life on it, you shall go over dry shod. There, your hand! and now, we have stepped safely half across—never mind a shaking

stone or so ; another jump—a wide one to clear the next sunken rock, and,—here we are on land—having safely crossed a bridge of laughter and not one of sighs !

Another walk on the sand, not so smooth as that behind us, for it is becoming studded with stones, and our path is now and then blocked up with boulders. Now we ascend the rough slope and stand on the breezy summit of Easton's Point ! How soft feels the short turf beneath our feet ! How pure the air which our rejoicing lungs inhale ! How magnificent the prospect which delights our eyes !

“ The sky is blue—the air is clear ;
The waves are dancing fast and bright !
Blue isles and sunbright ocean wears
The purple noon's transparent light.”

Far as the eye can reach in one direction is old Ocean rejoicing in its multitudes of waves. Right and left stretches out bold coasts whose crested summits are bright with verdure. White glistening dwellings with their green jalousies dot the landscape, and from clusters of trees peep out rural homes. Cattle are browsing on the meadows and on the hill-sides ; and the murmurs of the everlasting deep, like low distant music, rolls its unceasing diapason upwards, and charms us with its natural melody.

What is it which has just glided within our range of vision ? Near us white-sailed barks are dancing over the billows like sea-birds, but yonder a larger

vessel than is wont to visit us is plunging through the brine.

“ Onwards it goes, a monstrous bark
Without sails or oarsmen toiling ;
Tall masts spring from its mighty hull,
And a chimney, from which a coiling
Dense smoke doth go, as if below
The devil’s-pot was boiling !”

It is an ocean steamer—yes ! from this commanding eminence we behold one of those magnificent ships which have made the name of Collins illustrious in more hemispheres than one. Yonder is one of the great Atlantic ferry-boats—a floating bridge between the old world and the new. Frequently are the ships of the Collins’s line seen from here, as they speed their way to or from New York. Sometimes a *mirage* effect shows them when at a much greater distance, and then, ’tis said that the distant golden haze, like a gigantic camera screen, shows the refracted image of vessels sixty miles distant !

By far the pleasantest way to the place we are bound for is around the borders of the cliffs ; if time be an object, a direct path may be taken across the base of this tongue of land. Following the edge we arrive at the east side of Easton’s Point, and from hence we are presented with a striking bit of landscape.

Looking in a northerly direction, we behold a group of rocks, broken and irregular, stretching out into the sea, which sends its foam fiercely against

their rugged sides; whilst around them sea-birds wheel and scream. This bold headland is called THE BLUFF, an apt appellation. It is a favorite place of resort for artists, to whom the wild scenery affords abundant employment for the pencil; to the poet who delights

“To sit on rocks—to muse o’er flood and fell,”

and to the disciples of dear old Izaac Walton, who here may enjoy, to their hearts’ content, the gentle art, for tautog, bass, and many other fish are plenty. Lovers, too, are not unfrequently to be seen seated on the pudding-stone masses, tasting the blisses of solitude and sentimentalism.

Serambling over masses of rock, slippery with the most beautiful of mosses, such as keen admirers of the Cryptogamic species would scarcely pass by without specimenizing; and keeping a sharp watch forward, we proceed for about a quarter of a mile. All at once we stop, with a vague feeling of alarm, and instinctively retrace a step or two. Had it been dark, and we strange to the place, a thousand to one that we had never been spared to pen this account of our pilgrimage!

Gaze downwards!

Without warning, we have suddenly arrived at the very edge of a gulf, or fissure, or chasm in the solid rock! No railing is round it to protect from peril. No friendly signboard with “Beware” written thereon to warn off the unwary. A student

reading a book, might, in the middle of a pleasant paragraph, walk into the abyss—so sudden, so unprotected is the descent.

For about one hundred and fifty feet from the perpendicular face of the cliff does the chasm extend backwards. Standing on the sloping brink of its landward extremity, we perceive that it is a complete reft in the rock. The sides of the gorge are dark, smooth and perpendicular, and seem to have been torn asunder by some mighty effort or convulsion of nature. Forty feet below is the water, like a strip of undulating slate-colored ribbon, excepting just at the entrance, where it is dappled with foam bubbles. In some places the distance between the two rocky faces is less than in others; but it is so narrow at the bottom and half way up, that were there foothold, one might almost bestride the gulf like a Colossus. The chasm gradually widens at the top, where it is nearly twelve feet from brink to brink, one side being higher than the other. A stone thrown into this gloomy place, rebounds from side to side with a hollow sound, and then sullenly plunges into the dark waters beneath. How deep that gloomy gulf is—how far down those separated sides stand like opposing walls, the plumb-line of science has never yet fathomed. Just outside the channel the blue waves are ever dashing—within it, they subside into an unnatural smoothness—a feeling of strange melancholy creeps over the gazer into these mysterious depths, and fear chills him as he

remembers that a loose pebble beneath his feet, or one slip on the grassy verge would precipitate him on the jagged rocks below, and thence into the dreary and unknown caverns which lurk unseen by mortal eyes.

Gazing beyond the boundaries of this singular place, it is quite refreshing to behold the azure ocean, just as a glimpse of the glorious sky might gladden a captive emerging from his dungeon. Viewed from the sea, much of the romance of the fissure is lost—a wide crack in the cliff is all that can be observed—and a sketch from the land also fails to convey any adequate idea of its gloomy grandeur.

Such is “PURGATORY,” the doleful name which was long ago conferred on the place by some one who perhaps imbibed its cheerless spirit.

It would be strange, indeed, if a spot such as this had not given birth to legends and traditions. Seldom do we find a cavern without its catastrophe, a wild beach legendless, or a perilous place like Purgatory without its traditional hair-breadth escape. Accordingly, the supernatural and the startling have dominion here; and no less a personage than his Satanic Majesty himself figures in one of the stories. Here is the legend of

How the Devil carried away ye Squaw.

Years and years ago, after the Narragansett Indians had sold to the white men their territorial possessions, they bethought them that they had made but a bad bargain of it. Nevertheless, they continued to live on good terms with their new neighbors, some of them even dwelling beneath the roofs of the Yengeese, as they termed them.

One of the white men had in his house as a constant inhabitant an old Indian woman, who carried her hatred of the Yengeese to such a pitch, that one night, in a fit of passion, she murdered the master of the house, scalped him, and then, fearing the revenge of his people, fled to the woods, in whose shade, according to the custom of her tribe, she offered up prayers to Satan.

Whilst she was mumbling her devotions, the old crone heard a rustling among the boughs, and, looking round, she beheld a very stern-looking English gentleman near her.

This individual very politely accosted her, and with a low bow begged the favor of her company for a short distance. The squaw began to fancy something wrong, and flatly refused, thinking, perhaps, that as she had done for one white man, she might venture to disregard another. But she reckoned without her host this time, for the pretended Englishman was no other than the devil, who, as Southee says, was visiting

“—— His snug little farm, the Earth,
To see how his stock went on.”

It was of no use her saying that she had particular business at Wickford, just in that neighborhood, and could not go. Seizing her by the arm, the fiend dragged her along, whilst from sheer fear she screamed to Hobomoko (the Indian name for devil) to save her.

“I’m Hobomoko,” said her companion, and with that he dropped his disguise. Seizing the unhappy squaw by the waist, he made one or two fierce stamps on the ground, and then flew away with his victim towards the gulf of Purgatory, into which he plunged with her.

To this day may be seen near Wickford the footprints of Satan on the surface of a ledge near the road. One has the form of a cloven hoof, and the other has exactly the shape and size of a human foot, even to the mark of the great toe ; and if any one will turn to page 87 of Dr. Charles T. Jackson’s “Report of the Geological and Agricultural Survey of Rhode Island,” he will see an engraving of these very “foot-marks.” Some folks allege that the marks also of the squaw’s struggling hands are imprinted on the rocks also ; but of these the learned gentleman I have mentioned deposeth not.

The other legend of Purgatory runneth in this wise ; it is called—

The Lover's Leap.

“Once upon a time,” a very wealthy gentleman had one fair daughter, whom he loved “passing well.” All Sessawich and the land around was his; so, of course, the heiress was a great object of attraction to the young beaux of the neighborhood. Of these, one took her fancy, because he was elegant and accomplished; but, though she favored his addresses, she concealed her passion, intending so to show her power, and when she had half broken his heart to wed him. One day she walked with him to the brink of Purgatory, and said:—

“For the love of me, darest thou to leap the chasm?”

The youth said naught, but looked at her with a sad smile, released her hand, and drew a pace or two backward.

“What fearest thou?” she exclaimed. “Now, verily I promise thee that if thou accomplishest this my task in safety, I will wed thee this day; but if thou art craven, then art thou no true lover of mine.”

The youth drew yet farther back, then sprang forward—with one bound cleared the frightful abyss, and stood pale and stern on the other side. His eyes were fixed reproachfully on his mistress.

“Now,” said she, in admiration, “I am thine whenever thou wilt.”

But he made no sign of joy—scorn sat on his lip. With heartfelt words he praised her beauty, and

then ironically spoke of the goodness of her heart. Then he bade her farewell for ever, and so departed, leaving her to bemoan her cruelty, and to bewail for her lost lover.

It is very probable that Leigh Hunt had this story in his mind when he wrote his charming ballad of "The Glove and the Lions," the end of the adventure being similar. King Francis of France gave to his courtiers a lion fight for their sport. Among them was De Lorge and his lady love. The King expressed an opinion that it was better to be in the boxes than in the arena among the lions; and De Lorge's damsel hearing him, to show the bravery and love of her betrothed for her, threw her glove among the furious beasts.

"She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild.
The leap was quick—return was quick—he has regained the place;
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
'By God!' cried Francis, 'rightly done!' and he rose from where he sat;
'No love,' quoth he, 'but vanity, sets love a task like that.'"

Such is PURGATORY, and such are the legends connected with it. Let us return and refresh ourselves for a brief season, for we have not half explored this interesting neighborhood. In our next chapter we will seek

" Fresh fields and pastures new."

CHAPTER V.

ROBINS—ELLISON'S ROCK—FISH OF NEWPORT AND NARRAGANSETT BAY—HINTS TO ANGLERS—TURBOT—THE “FORTY STEPS”—CONRAD'S CAVE—SUMMER AND WINTER SCENERY—SEA-WEED.

A BRIGHT, cool, shadowless morning. Last night

“————— The cups of the heavy flowers
Were filled with the rain of the thunder showers;”

but now, in the words of the old hymn-writer, all things

“ Rejoice, for Heaven is clear,
And all the clouds are gone!”

On leaf and spray hang dewy diamond drops, that fall in glittering showers when shaken by the up-springing of slender branches which had been bent downwards by the resting robin. And, talking of robins, what multitudes of them are singing around us; yet we may scarcely call them by such a name, for robins, in truth, they are not. The bird which the “Children in the Wood” story has rendered sacred, is a little, round, plump, ball of a bird, with an eye black as a shining bead, and not unlike that

of an Indian baby's in expression. A gay-throated, pugnacious, domestic little bird is *the* Robin Red-breast, not above half as big as the red-throated thrush of this country—for a thrush of this kind is the American warbler. It has been conjectured by some that these “robins” build and breed in the marshes of our neighborhood, so suddenly do they appear in the spring. Be this as it may, they charm us with their melody, and we welcome them from whencesoever they come.

We are bound for CONRAD'S CAVE, a highly picturesque little bay, scooped out by old Ocean from the cliff side. But we will not as yet describe it, for ere we reach that spot, we must visit another scene of attraction.

When we visited “Purgatory,” we took a certain starting point for the sake of simplifying the route, and of performing the office of a guide. So will we do on the present occasion; therefore, gentle reader, stand with us near the southern extremity of Thames street, just where Narragansett avenue commences.

This avenue we travel in a perfectly straight line, with our backs toward the setting sun, or to the place where he will set by and by. It leads us direct to the cliffs, and we rest ourselves for a time upon ELLISON'S ROCK.

This rock is the centre one of a chain which runs out from where the Forty Steps (of which more anon) are placed. Are you a brother of the rod, reader? If so, here may you gratify yourself to

your heart's content; for this is a famous place for Tautog, which can almost always be caught on a flood-tide, except when the sea is running so high as to prevent the angler getting a foothold.

And here it may not be amiss, as we are in a piscatory locality, to state that Newport is as good a fish market as any in the United States. The following, in their season, may generally be procured in the town:—

Bass,	Small Mackerel,
Sea Bass,	Oyster,
Bluefish,	Plaice,
Canchogset,	Quahaug,
Mud Clam,	Sheepshead,
Green Crab,	Tautog,
Lamprey Eel,	Tom Cod,
Common Eel,	Mud Turtle,
Frostfish,	Toad Turtle,
Haddock,	Terrapin,
Halibut,	Loggerhead Turtle,
Lobster,	Codfish,
Round Mackerel,	Redfin Perch.

Of the fish fit for table beside these, here is a goodly Newportian list:—

Alewife,	Sea Perch,
Anchovy,	Pond Perch,
Brill,	Rudderfish,
Boneta,	Roach,
Beach Clam,	Scappague,
Sea Crab,	Succotergue,
Drum,	Sturgeon,
Sea Eel,	Salmon,
Flounders,	Shad,
Flyingfish,	Smelt,

Hake,	Silverfish,
Herring,	Escalop,
Mullet,	Shrimp,
Black Muscle,	Shiner,
Pale Muscle,	Thornback,
Menhaden,	Trout,
Spanish Mackerel,	Whiting,
Pout,	Winkle,
Pike,	Dolphin,
Pumpkinfish,	Fresh water Sucker,
Pollock,	Horse Mackerel.

The other fish which are found here and in the neighboring waters are :—

Brill,	Squid,
Billfish,	Swordfish,
Chiving,	Trout,
Cask,	Sunfish,
Catfish,	Horsefoot,
Crawally,	Fresh water Clam,
Maid,	Dogfish,
Seal,	Eggfish,
Ship Jack,	Sand Eel,
Suckingfish,	Grunt,
Sager,	Lanceet,
Thornback,	Lumpet,
Whale,	Periwinkle,
Portuguese Man-of-War,	Sting Ray,
Cockle,	Soal,
Concle,	Sea Snail,
Sand Crab,	Taspuin,
Spider do.,	Toadfish,
Running do.,	Wilke,
Dace,	Pickerel,
Porpoise,	Razor Clam,
Shark,	Starfish.
Skate,	

We have intimated that tautog is very plentiful

on the coasts round Newport, and it seems they have always been so; for Dr. Smith, in his "Natural History of the Fishes of Massachusetts," says:—"Within the recollection of gentlemen now living, the tautog was unknown in the neighborhood of Boston. A subscription was successfully undertaken for bringing several of them alive in ears from Newport, R. I., which were supposed to be the first of the species which had ever been to the eastward of the Cape."

No coasts can be better suited for the haunts of this fish than those in this vicinity, for they are always most abundant in the neighborhood of rocks, reefs jutting into the ocean, and over rocky bottoms. After severe weather commences, they cease to feed, and they only regain their appetite about April. When the dogwood blossoms (in April) some fishermen say the fish begin to thrive. Dr. Mitchell informs us that the New York fishermen are guided as to their time of commencing the tautog fishery by the chestnut leaves.

It may be as well to inform those visitors who may be desirous of enjoying this sport, that a thunder shower, accompanied with lightning, is said invariably to disperse them from their accustomed places of resort, and that a north-east wind is a sure indication of poor success in fishing for them.

We have been informed on reliable authority, that turbot, such as is caught on the British shores, exist in the waters of this neighborhood; and naturalists have supposed that a fish called the pearl (one of

the plaice tribe), of Boston, is that which is called the American turbot—a species which some have declared to be identical with the London aldermanic favorite. Wm. Ladd, Esq., of Maine, informed Dr. Smith that when the English fleet visited Boston, and held possession of the town, the officers were bountifully supplied with turbot, which were caught in the neighborhood of the outer harbor. He further remarked, that about all they did while here was to eat them !

It is very possible, we think, that *the* genuine turbot does exist in these waters about Rhode Island. As yet, it has not been sought for in the right way. The usual mode in England is to use a line a mile in length, from which short lines drop into the water, supported by buoys. When the fishermen perceive that a sufficient number of fish are fast to compensate for drawing the warp, the two extremities of the rope are dragged to land.

In the list of fish we have given, is one named the Menhaden. From July to the last of August, the bays swarm with them ; they are from ten to fourteen inches long. In the bays and inlets of Massachusetts, such vast shoals of the Menhaden are taken, that besides being smoked for food, far greater numbers are distributed over the fields for manure.

The horse mackerel is at certain seasons found in these waters in enormous quantities, and afford great sport. A piece of white rag is carefully fastened to a hook which the fish seizes greedily. In fact, they

will bite at almost anything. They are fine table fish.

From this ichthyological digression we must return to the neighborhood of Ellison's Rock.

Near this locality, the visitor will observe as he shoots along the edge of the cliff, a friendly staircase of wood, by which he can with safety descend to the shingley little beach below. This staircase is known as "the Forty Steps," and was placed here by a wealthy and considerate gentleman, whose name ought to be held in grateful remembrance by all who know by painful experience "how hard it is to climb," and do not feel inclined, whilst descending these steep rocks, to learn too rapidly "the art of sinking." Unfortunately the philanthropist's name is forgotten, or so little remembered, that we have been unable to link his name with his "good work" on these pages.

These steps enable visitors without any difficulty to visit what is called CONRAD'S CAVE, a name which at once calls up recollections of that magnificent Corsair, and of the gentle Medora, the rover's bride. Those, however, who, with Byrou's splendid creation in mind, imagine that they will find a pirate's stronghold beneath these cliffs, will be disappointed—for cave of any kind there is none. At one time, indeed, there was a cavity, but time and the waves of the Atlantic have washed away all traces of it.

But to those who love natural scenery, this charming little bay at the steps' foot will be delightful in-

deed. As we wind round the rocks in our descent, all its beauties at once burst upon us. It is a rocky amphitheatre, filled with natural seats, on which we may sit and fancy some "old Triton" before us "winding his wreath'd horn." There, resting, one is completely shut in—the high lichen-studded rocks behind, the jutting crags on either side, and ocean's boundless blue before us, and the quiet sky bending over all.

A favorite spot is this—and if report speaks truly, no better one could be "for whispering lovers made." We will engage for it, that many a bashful beau has plunged fearlessly into incipient matrimony, and that many a blushing belle has "referred to Pa" in this soothing place! A moonlight ramble here is one of the most delicious things in the world, at least so we may guess, if the silvery laughter which echoes from the rocks in this vicinity be any indication of delight. For a charming solitude, commend us to the beach of the Forty Steps!

Bright is it in summer, when pendent from the cliffs are wild flowers, and when the mosses gaily adorn the boulders;—when the clear cold water oozes through the interstices of the cliffs, and trickles down in pebbly channels to meet the ocean and be lost in its embrace;—and when the chiming song of the waves harmonizes with the tone of the dreamy mind—pleasant and bright is at all times—for every season adorns it with its own peculiar beauty.

Even winter glorifies it! Not soon shall we forget

a ramble thither in the time of snow and ice. It was a bright, sharp morning, and as Leigh Hunt says, there was

“A crystal clearness all about.”

Crisp was the snow beneath our feet as we sought the Forty Steps, adown which now slippery staircase we travelled with a fair and fearless companion. So cold was it, that every fleck of foam as it dashed on the shingles was instantly transformed from a glittering pearl to a translucent diamond—frozen from one gem into another as evanescent! Glassed with ice were the large stones, but that we heeded not, for before us was a magnificent sight. It was as if, Aladdin-like, and led by a good Fairy, we had descended into a coral cavern, so white, so glittering, and so exquisitely beautiful was the frost tracery on the grasses of the cliff, and on the cliff's themselves.

We have seen pictures of the real Grotto of Antiparos, and fancy sketches in story books of enchanted chambers beneath the Indian seas; and we had often, in dreams, wandered through Arabian Nights sort of places, full of glittering glories—but we had never before beheld the genuine Ice Palace of King Frost! We were, however, in its vestibule then!

The water streaming from the crevices of the overhanging rock aloft, had formed itself into a thousand fantastic forms—and gigantic icicles descended from the various ledges, “clear as elemental diamonds.” The droppings from some of these had also congeal-

ed, so that the ascending met the descending ice and blended harmoniously, as some gracious great one mingles its common nature with that of some humbler son of mortality. Fragile stalactites and stalagmites, not hidden like their petrified brethren in vast caverns, and only visible by torch light—but shining in all the beauty of the morning, and iridescent with its hues. But “all that’s bright must fade,” and lo! even as we admired, “Ichabod” was written on the glittering element, and in liquid tears the glory gradually departed.

But we have not done chronicling the attractions of this beautiful place. Have you ever seen, reader, elegantly arranged on card-board, and disposed in countless graceful ways those flowers of the ocean—sea-weeds? Doubtless you have. Well, on these CONRAD CAVE rocks may be gathered the choicest specimens. All along the shore may be found weeds scarce and fine, but this appears to be the choice garden where the loveliest of the tribe flourish—we were about to say, *bloom*—and why not? for in gorgeous tints, grace of form, variety of color, and delicacy of detail, they rival those buds which are the poetry of earth. The lady visitors of Newport may here gather marine bouquets “rich and rare” indeed, and when, with delicate fingers, they have spread out and displayed their rainbow hues and gracefully branching filaments, they may, without fear of disparagement, place them beside the exotics of the green-house. True, they are odorless, but

they have a compensating charm, for when the rose leaf fades, when the lily hangs its discolored head, when the violet loses its azure, and the fragrant heliotrope blackens, when in short, the bee itself would see no beauty in the pasture over which, like a flattering lover, it hovered when all was bright, but which now deserts it like a faithless wooer, *then*, the sea-flowers will return all their splendor, and—

“Remind us of summer when summer is gone.”

Aye, and of those rambles too, which made up so large a portion of that summer’s delight!

We think we have said enough to induce every reader of this book to visit ELLISON’S Rock and CONRAD’S CAVE.

CHAPTER VI.

EXCURSION TO COGGESHALL LEDGE—BEAUTIFUL MANSIONS—THE ROBIN ORCHARD—LOVELY BEACH—THE LEDGE—THE GULLY—BOAT HOUSE—FORT ADAMS.

It is hardly possible to imagine a more delightful mode of spending a few hours, than by taking a trip to COGGESHALL's LEDGE, a point of land jutting into the Atlantic, and lying in nearly a southerly direction from the town.

The distance is not such as to preclude pedestrianizing, which in this as in all other cases is by far the best way of enjoying scenery. To those, however, who cannot stand the fatigue of walking, it may be mentioned that a carriage can be driven from Newport to the very verge of the ledge of rocks. In the case of invalids who may wish for a ramble on the soft sward with which the cliffs are covered, a ride thither would be indispensable.

Pursuing our adopted plan of naming a starting point, we now commence our short southern tour from the Atlantic House.

The eastern wing of this spacious hotel is bounded by South Touro street, down which we proceed, passing the terminations of Prospect Hill, John,

Levin, and William streets. On our left are various establishments, such as bowling alleys, &c., dotting the green-sward and looking brilliant in the sunshine. To our right, the mansion built by the late H. A. Middleton, Esq., attracts attention. It is a most elegant edifice and finely situated. A little farther onwards, we arrive at the Ocean House, whose many pointed gables, and cool-looking verandahs form no inconsiderable feature of the scene. Opposite this is the beautiful dwelling of George S. Jones, Esq., its air of retirement contrasting with the busy human hive on the other side of the road. South and Bellevue streets are left behind with the fine residence of H. D. Rham, Esq., and we are charmed with the air of taste which distinguished the house of Mrs. Harper, who claims a truly illustrious lineage, she being the daughter of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, one of the most distinguished signers of the Declaration of Independence.

At an angle of the road formed by Bellevue street and Narragansett avenue, stands the very lovely residence of Albert Sumner, Esq., an Elizabethan building of considerable architectural merit. Leaving this behind us on our left, we proceed along the avenue until we reach Spring street, into which we turn. But we must not proceed without directing the attention to the mansions of R. B. Ives, and Charles Lyman, Esqrs., and that of the Hon. W. B. Lawrence, on Ochre Point.

A circular building ahead reminds us somewhat

of a railway station, or of an engine-house, but as we draw nearer, the figure of a cow sharply defined against the clear blue sky, intimates that it is a barn. A few yards further on, and a substantial farm-house is on our right hand. Adjoining it is a large yard in which are some chubby-looking children, a flock of splendid turkeys, and a large poultry population. The land around is remarkably fine, and capitally farmed by Mr. Anthony.

We were much struck with the orchard—it was extensive, and contained many a picturesque apple tree—but many of them were now mere cumberers of the ground, and some, as cumberers should be, were in process of removal. They must have yielded their fruit before the Revolution, and who knows what scenes they witnessed? Would that there were matter-of-fact, and not metaphorical tongues in *some* trees, that they might tell us stories of their slim youth, and of their green and golden prime!

Elsewhere, we have spoken of the robins, or red-throated thrushes. Should the eye of any lover of bird-music light on these pages, he will thank us for informing him that in this road-side orchard, these birds “most do congregate.” It is their favorite rehearsing place; and here, at early morning, and in the quiet evening, amid the foliage dim, they fold their wings, and

“Sing of Summer in full-throated ease.”

Pause, wanderer, on your walk, and listen to these

cheerful choristers, so shall the natural melody delight you, and you will go on your way rejoicing !

We have left many a fair dwelling behind, and now quitting the road we stand on the velvet sward. On our right hand stretch the quiet waters of Almy's Pond, and between us and it a flock of fine sheep are grazing. Away in the distance are breezy downs, and hoary bluffs, of hues, such as time and storm only could transfer to them. Here and there, dwellings which must command superb scenery are discernible. At a little distance and below, is one of the tiniest and most beautiful of beaches, over whose smooth yellow sands blue waves, in graceful curves, and fringed with white foam, roll with a graceful ease that tempts us to rush and meet them. Right under the road, which we have regained, is a rocky nook, from which spring up half a dozen wild fowl, who on noiseless wings dart seaward—and see ! on the intensely blue waters of the Atlantic, half a mile from land floats a large white bird, its fair form rising and falling with the undulations of the great deep, whose glassy surface reflects the ocean-loving creature, which like Wordsworth's swan—

“ Floats double, bird and shadow ;”

Reminding us, too, of Mrs. Browning's (late Elizabeth B. Barrett), *SEA MEW*—

“ How joyously the young sea-mew
Lay dreaming on the waters blue.
Whereon our little bark had thrown
A forward shade, the only one,
(But shadows oft will men pursue,) ”

Familiar with the waves and free
As if their own white foam were he ;
His heart upon the heart of ocean,
Lay, learning all its mystic motion,
And throbbing to the throbbing sea.”

Who would think, while gazing upon such a placid spectacle—on such a

“ Perfect form in perfect rest,”

on such a smiling sea—that storms could ever mar its repose ? Yet such often happen, for when mighty winds are “ flying all abroad,” there are few places more fearful than this. Alas ! these rocks and reefs have crashed in many a keel ; broken up many a stately ship ; and the cry of many a drowning sailor has risen from among those cruel and treacherous capes : but we must pursue our journey.

Here we are near Coggeshall’s Ledge, which forms the south-eastern extremity of the “ Neck.” This ledge is composed of large masses of Gneiss, which rising high above the sea, forms a break-water within which boats can safely land. Between the ledge and the island is a rocky indentation, known as the GULLY, into which on a gentle slope is a contrivance for launching boats, and in the gully itself, when the tide flows, tautog or black-fish may be readily caught.

The visitor who may feel inclined to leave the shore and venture “ outside,” may here find able and experienced men and staunch boats. By the aid of these he may visit the extremity of the ledge, where he can enjoy capital sport.

Near the gully is a house—a great place of resort in the season; albeit, it exhibits not on its front or sides the adornments of architecture. This is the place to eat tautog in perfection. “First catch your fish,” as Mrs. Glasse would say, (that is, depend on it—half the charm of a piscatorial dinner,) then go to the gully boat-house and have it broiled before your eyes and under your own keen inspection. When it is done, (and to be done well, it should be done quickly,) do not insult the remains of the juicy departed by sauces; let salt and pepper, or, if you like it, a little lemon juice and cayenne be your only condiments; then eat and rejoice, for verily you will be satisfied. Or, do you wish a chowder? produce your spoils, and take a turn on the rocks whilst it is being cooked; then absorb, not *eat*, the apician concoction, and be thankful, for such fare the gods do not vouchsafe every day to us poor mortals!

From Coggeshall’s ledge we can see, almost at all times, many large vessels—some Boston bound from the south, and others on their way thither. The ocean is almost always dotted with white sails, which agreeably enliven the scene. On the whole, this spot, as a point for sea-view and landscape, can scarcely be surpassed. Far away to the right may be seen the Connecticut shore, and, on the left, the prospect is bounded by a range of out-stretching rocks.

We must not quit the ledge without a mention of the worthy after whom it is named—Mr. John Cog-

geshall. This gentleman died in 1647, at which period he was in high office. He lies on the Coggeshall burial-place, a little south of Newport. The following is the inscription on his tombstone :

“Here lyeth the Body of
JOHN COGGESHALL, SEN., Esq.,
who died the first President of the Colony, the 27th
of Nov., 1647, aged about 56 years.”

In our homeward walk, we observe the noble mansion of W. S. Wetmore, Esq., which, though yet unfinished, gives ample promise of future splendor. It has risen, phoenix-like, from the ashes of a former dwelling, which, just as it was completed, was consumed by fire. We also notice the handsome and well-appointed residence of Mrs. Bruen, which is charmingly placed.

Fort Adams, with its long range of fortifications, lying on a spur of land, and occupying a most commanding position, next attracted our notice. Above it, in the air, proudly floated the National flag, which looked like the guardian genius of the place. By and by we saw towering before us the superb Italian-looking mansion of Edward King, Esq. Then we came abreast of the double-turreted Coddington mill—then the houses became less distant from one another; then we passed the new Roman Catholic chapel, and, turning to the right, by the Congregational church, in Pelham street, reached, in a minute or so, the spot from whence we started, having in our circuit experienced a perfect “round of enjoyment.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE BEACHES—EASTON'S BEACH—BATHING AND BATHERS
—FASHIONABLE AQUATICS—AMUSING SCENES—SKETCHES
IN THE CROWD—STORY OF THE “SEA BIRD.”

THE Beaches! There is something delightful in the very tone of the word! To people who, month after month, are pent in populous cities, there is a positive coolness in the sound of it. On bright, summer days, when the stifling heat causes one to pant and perspire, how welcome the mere idea of a watering place, such as Newport! How absolutely rejoicing the sensation when, standing on sand or shingle, we feel the salt-sea breeze fanning our brows!

In the vicinity of Newport are four beaches: two large ones—Easton's and Sachuest, and a small one, Smith's, lying to the east of the town; and one, Almy's, southward, near Coggeshall's Ledge. Of these, Easton's Beach is the most contiguous, being about half a mile from the principal hotels, and is the most available for bathing purposes. Sachuest is the largest and most picturesque; the two others are regarded rather as agreeable features in the scenery than as bathing places, or promenades. For pic-nics, Almy's, especially—they are all that can be wished.

In our notice of the various beaches, we will first take the one which lies nearest the town, and which is the most frequented of all.

To arrive at Easton's Beach we must take the Bath road, which leads directly to it. After we have placed about half a mile between ourselves and the town, we stand on the brow of a slope, from whence the whole extent of the sands is visible. Here, on our right, is Ocean Cottage, and beyond, stretches away a long line of bold cliffs, the prospect terminating at Ochre Point—Conrad's Cave being situated about half-way between us and it. On the South, the beach is bounded by the ocean, and, on the East and West, by rocky points. Northward is a beautiful back-ground, consisting of highly cultivated farms, and of picturesque country-seats, placed on the most charming situations. Towards the sands, the land slopes gracefully, and the beautiful sheet of water, known as Easton's Pond, mirrors the landscape in its glassy depths. This pond, which is separated from the sea by a broad belt of sand, abounds in fish. In winter, it is a favorite resort for skaters—and in all seasons it is a distinguishing feature of the landscape.

Descending the road from the Ocean Cottage, we get to the shingles; or, if preferable, a nearer cut to them may be made by scrambling down in front of the wall near the upper end of the long low beach, which, covered with pen-knife autographs of former visitors, forms a lounging and gossiping place. It is somewhat amusing, the efforts made by certain

enthusiastic individuals to obtain a wooden immortality by inscribing their initials—in some instances their entire names—on this perishable tablet. Here and there are indications of sea-side flirtations in the shapes of engraved hearts, within whose deeply cut outlines are the initials of a loving pair. Very possibly, in some cases, the passion was even more ephemeral than its record—but we must not sentimentalize!

The beach is one of the finest in the world. Many have we visited, abroad and at home, but in our opinion this, whether as it regards beauty or utility, cannot be surpassed. The much-vaunted beaches on the coast of England are tame and insignificant in comparison. But, speaking of these, it may be mentioned that they possess *one* feature of attraction to which Easton's beach is a stranger. We allude to the pretty detached cottages, encircled by neat gardens, which skirt them, and by their near neighborhood to the sea, at once afford delightful accommodation and impart a liveliness to the whole scene. Let any one glance at views of Weymouth, Brighton or Torquay, and he will observe how vastly the picturesque cottages he sees delineated on the ocean's verge, add to the comfort and beauty of the beaches.

And now we tread on the hard, smooth sands of Easton's beach. The tide is flowing, and a brisk breeze sweeps from the sea. Far away is seen

“Some glittering ship that hath the plain
Of ocean for her vast domain.”

And nearer, gay pleasure parties are cruising about the bay. But it is on the beach itself that the liveliest picture is presented—a feature, which, seen from a balloon, at a great height, might be taken for a view in the field of an animated Kaleidoscope.

The beach is crowded with bathers, in all stages of the dipping process. Some are just entering the tiny houses, and these have the distinctive recognizable traits of the human animal ; but watch them when they emerge, and wonder at the change. It is as though the bathing house was a chrysalis in which an amazing transformation had been effected, for the lady who entered it—a charming, lovable sort of creature—emerges from it a marine monster ! And there are whole shoals of such at this moment, splashing and paddling in the water with all their might, as unlike mermaids as possible, seeing that those traditionaly ladies of the ocean are not in the habit of wearing any other covering than their skins, and are never to be seen without a comb in one hand, and a pocket mirror (where *is* their pocket?) in the other.

Nothing can well be more amusing than the scene on Easton's Beach at bathing time. From nine until twelve o'clock, there is to be seen over the office of the bathing houses a white flag fluttering in the sun and the breeze. That bit of bunting is the signal that the three hours mentioned are those during which ladies and gentlemen may bathe in costume. At nine o'clock, then, the entertainments commence.

Then, from every hotel, boarding house and private dwelling, may be seen issuing numberless groups of gentlemen and countless bevies of beauties. Every horse's head is turned in the direction of the beach. All along the Bath road is a rush of vehicles, laden with loveliness and fashion. Gaily sparkle the bright portions of the harness of each well-appointed team, and brilliant are the liveries of the "Jeames Yellow-plushes" who direct and control them. Cranch, cranch, cranch the wheels go over the gravel, and then noiselessly they glide along the smooth sand. Pedestrians, too, saunter gently along, and the beach of which we erewhile spoke is occupied by the most persevering of smokers, and the most indefatigable of whittlers and autograph cutters.

Here and there wander about comfortable-looking and well-to-do stout gentlemen, whose bathing as well as dancing days are over. Some are much like those specimens of the *genus homo* referred to by poor Theodore Hook, who are always to be found at fashionable watering places, hob-nobbing with everybody, and taking huge "sniffs of the briny." And there are, too, seated on camp-stools, in retired spots, fading old folks; and a quick eye soon discerns among them such a one wandering about as Dr. Holmes so felicitously hits off with that brilliant pen of his.

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better could be found
By the erier in his round
Through the town.

“ But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
 Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
 ‘They are gone.’

* * * * *

—“ Now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin,
 Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.”

In short, on a fine bathing day, during the season, no more complete epitome of society could be found anywhere than on Easton’s Beach.

But the grand scene in the extemporized comedy is that which is presented when all the ladies and gentlemen *en costume* are congregated, waist-deep in water, on the beach. And such costumes ! There is not an imaginable color under heaven which might not be seen bobbing up and down in the waves. All the fishes that ever glided through all the coral groves in the seas round Ceylon never looked brighter and gaudier than do these dashing, splashing bipeds. Such dresses—such patterns—such hats—such caps—and such an absence of starch and crinoline ! Most diverting are the amphibious coquettices of the ladies, and the marine politeness of the gentlemen ; and most ludicrous are the figures of the fair, as, anything but Venus-like, they rise from the sea, and seek the shelter of the bathing boxes, their wet garments around them.

“Clinging like cerements.”

But they amply make up for their moist dishabille by their rosy, refreshed and beaming looks, when they once more come forth, like rosy Christians, from their sea-side toilets.

The beach is alive now with departing equipages; and as the last bonnets are seen flying past Ocean Cottage, on their way back to Newport, the white flag is hauled down, and up goes a blood-red banner in its place. This is the signal that, abandoning costume, persons who prefer nude bathing may now take their recreation. This privilege lasts until three o’clock. In the evening, servants and others generally enjoy a salt-water bath. Thus all have reason to bless the waves and breezes of Easton’s Beach.

This beach is a mile, or perhaps a trifle more, in length. At its eastern end is a road which leads to Purgatory and the Second Beach. This is one of the most beautiful drives on the island, and is daily thronged by the seekers after health and happiness.

Connected with this beach a remarkable story is related which reads more like romance than reality—nevertheless it is strictly true.

In the year 1750 some farmers and fishermen who inhabited a cluster of dwellings near the water, observed one fine morning a vessel in the offing. At first she did not attract any particular notice, such a sight being then, as now, not uncommon. It was perceived, however, after a little time, that she was approaching the shore—standing in—as it is termed,

with all her sails set, and her colors flying. Such a spectacle was strange and startling enough; and as she neared the shore it was of course expected that she would inevitably get among the breakers and be dashed to pieces. The beach was soon alive with people, who were attracted by the strange sight. Still nearer came the ship! but on her decks not a soul was visible. Guided by some mysterious power she glided unharmed through the dangers seen and unseen—the crags above and the fearful ledges beneath the wave—as silently as a phantom ship she approached the sands into which her sharp keel struck, and so gently that not the slightest injury was sustained.

Wondering at the strange occurrence, the people for some time remained gazing on the stranded vessel—presently they ventured on board, and then the only living thing they found was a dog, which was quietly sitting on the deck, and a cat in the cabin. Some coffee was boiling at the galley fire, and evident preparations had been made for the breakfast of the crew—but not even the ghost of a mariner was there.

What rendered the matter all the more singular was the fact that there had been no storm off the coast, and that the vessel was in good sailing condition. Many a conjecture was hazarded, but no certain conclusions were arrived at. It was generally supposed, however, that finding themselves unexpectedly near the breakers, through the carelessness

of the helmsman, the crew abandoned the vessel in alarm (the long boat was missing,) and were afterwards lost, although their ship was almost miraculously saved.

The name of the ship was the "Sea Bird," and surely a bolder flight was never before except by a sea-bird made.

The vessel proved to be a brig belonging to Newport, which had been hourly expected from Honduras, she having been spoken about a day or two before, by a vessel that had arrived in port.

The brig was commanded by Captain John Huxham. No tidings were ever heard of him and his crew, and what became of them will probably ever remain a mystery. The vessel was afterwards got off, and sold to a merchant of Newport, who changed her name to the "Beach Bird," in which name she made many voyages.

Clams are found in plenty hereabouts, and the hunters of them may be frequently seen with their pronged instruments turning up the sea-weed. Various other fish also abound in the neighborhood of Easton's Beach.

A description of the other beaches and their peculiarities must form the subject of another chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

SACHUEST BEACH—PURGATORY—PARADISE—THE HANGING ROCK—DEAN BERKELEY AND THE “MINUTE PHILOSOPHY”—WHITEHALL—SKETCH OF NEWPORT BY BERKELEY—ALMY’S AND SMITH’S BEACHES.

LEAVING Easton’s Beach, we cross the outlet of Easton’s Pond by means of stepping-stones, and then making our way over a high tongue of land which terminates in Easton’s Point, we see Sachuest Beach spread out before us.

It lies eastward of, and is much larger than the beach we have recently quitted. Besides its being more difficult of access, it is not so well suited for bathing as Easton’s—but it is more picturesque, and there are associations connected with it which will perhaps render it a favorite resort for those who prefer solitary rambles to crowded haunts.

We have already described Purgatory, which is situated on the western margin of Sachuest Bay. We will therefore suppose ourselves on the edge of that chasm looking sea-ward.

From Purgatory to Paradise is a strange transition; but as we stand on the brink of the one, we here literally command a view of the other.

Sweeping back from the bay, and at no very great distance from it, is a green territory, to which it is pleasant to turn the eye which has been fathoming the gloom of the rock-rifted chasm. And really, the “living green” is all the more delightful—and the “sweet fields” beyond all the more gratifying, because of the sudden transition from darkness to light. Paradise is a long and beautiful grove of sycamore trees, that skirts the foot of a rocky hill—which hill is adorned with a variety of groves, formed by mulberry and other trees. There are verdurous slopes too, and mossy winding ways, which contrast strikingly with the rich vegetation.

From the hill’s summit, there is a view almost as Paradisaical as that of the place itself; but the ascent is somewhat tiresome—no one, however, regrets making it.

Paradise is a favorite pic-nic place, and to those who love retirement no spot could be better suited. But we must return to the bay.

One of the great features of Sachuest Bay is the Hanging Rock, an immense mass of stone that far overhangs its base. Doubtless the unceasing action of the sea has washed away part of the foundation of this enormous mass, which on scorching summer days affords literally to the weary “the shadow of a great rock.” And a grateful shadow did it afford to one in old times, who made within its shade a study of the spot. And *what* a sanctum! That it

was a place fitted for contemplation, the work which was chiefly written there sufficiently attests.

One hundred and twenty-four years ago, the wanderer near the Hanging Rock, might have noted, sitting beneath the superincumbent mass, a man of grave yet pleasant aspect, reading or committing his thoughts to paper: this was the celebrated Dean Berkeley, who, it is said, here wrote the greater part of his "Minute Philosopher," a work, which it has been said, will stand an imperishable monument from age to age of the intelligence, refinement and piety of its author. Here would he repair from his dwelling in the immediate neighborhood, and amid nature's fairest scenery, lift his thoughts to Nature's God.

We will take a pilgrimage to his house, for it is one of the spots consecrated by genius. Not far have we to go—for it is near a small watercourse which runs toward this very beach. It is just three miles from the State House in Newport, a little to the northward of what is called the Green End Road.

Whitehall is the name of the house; it is not so imposing looking a place as its London namesake, where Charles I. was beheaded, and after which it was probably named: on the contrary, it is a plain unpretending building. But for all that, it is classic; every portion of it is interesting, because the good Bishop's name is identified with it, and there he lived

long and calmly. A slight notice of this good man cannot, we think, fail to be acceptable to our readers.

Dr. GEORGE BERKELEY was born at Kilklin, in Ireland, in 1684. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he distinguished himself by his literary attainments. He became a fellow of Trinity College in 1707, and was created D. D. in 1717. By the recommendation of Swift, he accompanied, as chaplain and secretary, the celebrated Earl of Peterborough, who was appointed Ambassador to Sicily; and afterwards, when disappointed in his expectations of preferment, he spent four years on the Continent, as traveling tutor to the son of Dr. Ashe, Bishop of Clogher. Shortly after his return to London (in 1721), he was appointed chaplain to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Duke of Grafton. By a legacy of Miss Vanhomrigh, the Vanessa of Swift, his fortune was considerably increased. In 1724, on being promoted to the deanery of Derry, he resigned his fellowship. He now published his proposals for the conversion of the American savages to Christianity, by the establishment of a college in the Bermuda Islands. The plan was very favorably received, and he obtained a charter for a college, in which he was named the first president. He received also from Sir Robert Walpole a promise of a grant of £20,000 to carry it into effect. Having resigned his living, worth eleven hundred pounds per annum, and all his hopes of preferment, he set sail for the field of his distant labors, with his family and

several literary and scientific gentlemen. He landed at Newport, after a tedious passage of five months, January 23, 1729.

A sort of pen-and-ink sketch of him is given in the *New England Weekly Journal* of January 24, 1729 :

“ Yesterday, arrived here, Dean Berkeley, of Londonderry, in a pretty large ship. He is a gentleman of middle stature, of an agreeable, pleasant and erect aspect. He was ushered into the town with a great number of gentlemen. ‘Tis said he purposes to tarry here with his family about three months.”

The following sketch of Newport, in “the olden time,” occurs in a letter of the Dean’s to a friend in Dublin, shortly after his arrival :—

“ The inhabitants are of a mixed kind, consisting of many sects and subdivisions of sects. Here are four sects of Anabaptists, besides Presbyterians, Quakers, Independents, and many of no profession at all. Notwithstanding so many differences, here are fewer quarrels about religion than elsewhere, the people living peaceably with their neighbors, of whatever persuasion. They all agree in one point—that the Church of England is the second best. The climate is like that of Italy, and not at all colder in the winter than I have known it everywhere north of Rome. * * * The island is pleasantly laid out in hills and vales and rising grounds; hath plenty of excellent springs and fine rivulets, and many delightful prospects of fine promontories and adjacent lands. The provisions are very good, so are the fruits, which are quite neglected, though vines sprout of themselves to an extraordinary size, and seem as natural to this soil as to any I ever saw. The town of Newport contains about six thousand souls, and is the most thriving place in all America for business. It is very pretty and pleasantly situated. I was never more agreeably surprised than at the first sight of the town and harbor.”

Soon after the Dean's arrival, he erected Whitehall, where he resided about two years and a half, and often preached at Trinity Church. Afterwards he visited Cambridge, Mass., and was a donator to Harvard University. To Yale College he presented eight hundred and eighty volumes, and on his departure he gave the Whitehall estate for three scholarships in Latin and Greek. After his return to England (in 1733), he sent a magnificent organ as a gift to Trinity Church, Newport, which is still in constant use, and bears an inscription which perpetuates the generosity of the donor.

His college project having failed, he returned home, and in 1734 was raised to the see of Cloyne. He died in Oxford January 14, 1753, in the seventy-third year of his age.

The other two Newport beaches are Almy's, which we have described in our account of Coggleshell's Ledge, and Smyth's, which does not require particular description. As we before intimated, for pic-nics they are admirably suited.

CHAPTER IX.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE REVOLUTION—OVERING HOUSE—
DARING CAPTURE OF GENERAL PRESCOTT BY BARTON—
DEATH OF THE VETERAN—THE GLEN—TEA HOUSE.

THE spots where remarkable events transpired have at all times been objects of interest to the tourist. In the Old World, the battered castle, the ruined abbey, or the renowned battle-field, year after year, attract their hosts of curious visitors, and the birth-places of eminent men are thronged by crowds of enthusiasts. Genius, when it folds its wing, seems to sanctify the very grave ; and the places where the bones of a Shakspeare or of a Washington are deposited become points of pilgrimage. In this land we have no venerable piles, beautiful even in decay, such as are to be found in Europe ; only, perchance, an Indian mound, or, far amid almost impenetrable forests, isolated stones, which, in their lonely grandeur, intimate that they once formed portions of a vast city.

But if America can furnish the searcher after the picturesque with no ivy-clad and time-worn structures of the kind referred to, she has numberless places to which her sons can point with feelings of

proud and peculiar interest. The house and the grave of Washington, for instance, will be always sacred places; and we might mention other such honored localities. For the present, we must confine ourselves to the neighborhood of Newport, and here we shall find a spot rendered memorable by one of the boldest and bravest achievements which history has ever recorded.

About five miles from Newport, on the western road, at a distance of a mile from the shore, is a dwelling which no American can regard without emotion. The road to it from the town is good, and the landscape is enlivened by mansions in situations of great beauty, and of considerable architectural taste. About four miles from Newport is a very picturesque little Episcopal Church. The house to which we would now particularly direct the attention of the reader is not far beyond.

It is a substantial, old-fashioned building, situated on rising ground. In the front is an entrance, with three windows on the basement, and four on the floor above it; a stream running before it makes a tiny waterfall over a low stone wall, which bounds the premises in that direction. Within these are panelled walls, and a broad old staircase, and heavy cornices, and arched mantel-pieces. It is, in fact, a mixture of the country-seat and the farm-house.

In 1777 this dwelling was the residence of Mr. Overing, who has been described as a genuine Tory. Its last resident was Mr. John T. Tilley, whose name

is connected with the property on Walling's map. It was in this house that the celebrated capture of General Prescott was effected by Major-General Barton.

In November, 1776, Major-General Lee was surprised and taken by a detachment of British troops. With a view to procure the exchange of that valuable officer, William Barton, then a Major in the Rhode Island line, projected the bold and adventurous expedition which is the subject of the following narrative.

Some months elapsed after the capture of General Lee before an opportunity offered of effecting the object which Major Barton had in view. In the month following that of the capture of General Lee, the enemy took possession of the islands of Rhode Island, Canonicut, and Prudence. Major Barton was then stationed at Tiverton, and there he anxiously watched the motions of the enemy, with but feeble prospect of obtaining the opportunity he desired. At length, on the 20th of June, 1777, a man of the name of Coffin, who had made his escape from the British, was seized by some American troops and carried to Major Barton's quarters. From this man Barton obtained valuable information respecting Prescott's headquarters, and he now became convinced of the practicability of effecting his favorite object. There were, however, great difficulties to be surmounted. Neither his troops nor their commander had been long inured to service, and the intended service was of a nature as novel as it was hazardous. Besides, Major

Barton was aware that the undertaking, should it prove unsuccessful, would be pronounced rash and unadvised, and its consequences, though his life should be preserved, would be followed by degradation and disgrace.

Having communicated his plan to Colonel Stanton, and received his permission to "attack the enemy when and where he pleased," he prepared for action. His confidential comrades were selected from among the officers, and each of them having perfect confidence in Barton's prudence and bravery, agreed to share in the possible glory and the certain risk of the undertaking. Five whale-boats were not without difficulty procured and equipped for service. Barton had purposely postponed procuring the necessary number of men, until the last moment, from an apprehension that their earlier selection might excite suspicion and defeat the object of the enterprise. In a short but animated address, Barton informed the soldiers that he projected an expedition against the enemy, and that he desired the voluntary assistance of about forty of their number, and directed those "who would hazard their lives in the enterprise, to advance two paces in front." Without *one exception, or a moment's hesitation*, the *whole* regiment advanced. Having thus obtained officers and men, and every thing being ready, the party, on the 4th of July, 1777, embarked from Tiverton for Bristol. On the morning of the 5th Major Barton, with his officers, went to Hog Island, which was within view of the British

encampment and shipping. Here he disclosed to his officers the particular object of the enterprise, and allotted the part each was to perform. The most inviolable secrecy was enjoined, and the party returned to Bristol.

At nine o'clock on the evening of the ninth, Barton addressed his party at Warwick Neck, and concluded by offering his fervent petition to the Great King of armies, that He would smile upon their intended enterprise and crown it with success. The whole party now proceeded to the shore, and took possession of the boats in the manner directed. That which contained Major Barton was posted in front, with a pole about ten feet long in her stern, to the end of which was attached a handkerchief, in order that his boat might be distinguished from the others, that none might go before it. In this manner they proceeded between the islands of Prudence and Patience, in order that they might not be seen by the shipping of the enemy, that lay off Hope Island. While passing the north end of Prudence Island, they heard from the sentinels on board the shipping of the enemy the cry of "all's well!" As they approached the shore of Rhode Island, a noise like the running of horses was heard, which alarmed them, but not a word was spoken. A moment's reflection satisfied Barton that his designs could not be known by the enemy, and he pushed boldly for the shore. Apprehensive that, if discovered, the enemy might attempt to cut off his retreat, Barton ordered one man to remain in each

boat and be prepared for departure at a moment's warning. The remainder of the party landed without delay.

To the head-quarters of General Prescott, about a mile, as he said, from the shore, the party, in five divisions, now proceeded in silence. There was a door on the south, the east, and the west sides of the house in which he resided. The first division was ordered to advance upon the south door, the second on the west, and the third on the east—the fourth to guard the road, and the fifth to act in emergencies. In their march they passed the guard-house of the enemy on their left, and, in their right, occupied by a company of cavalry, for the purpose of carrying, with expedition, the orders of the General to remote parts of the Island. On arriving at the head-quarters of the enemy, as the gate of the front yard was opened, they were challenged by the sentinel on guard. The party was at the distance of about twenty-five yards from the sentinel, but their number was partially concealed from him by a row of trees. No reply having been given, the sentinel again demanded, "Who comes there?" "Friends!" replied Barton. "Friends," said the sentinel, "advance and give the countersign!" Barton, affecting to be angry, said to the sentinel—"D— you, we have no countersign; have you seen any deserters to-night?"—and before the sentinel could determine the character of those who approached him, Barton had seized his musket, told him he was a prisoner, and threatened him in

case of noise with instant death. In reply to questions put to him he said that the General was in the house. By this time each division had got its station, and the door was burst in—and they ascended first to a chamber above, where it chanced the worthy host himself lodged. He said the General was not there, appeared much frightened, and pointed with his finger to the apartment below. However, they did not believe him, but securing him proceeded to the next chamber where Mr. Overing's son lay, and, not finding him, descended to the room below, which was fastened; but one of the party named Guy, a colored man, whose head was as hard as a cannon ball, made one plunge and burst through, head-first. Previous to this, on the head of the stairs, Colonel Barton called to his men, and told them to set the house on fire at the four corners, as he was determined to have General Prescott, dead or alive! and Prescott, aroused probably for the first time, called out—"What is the matter?" Guided by the sound, they immediately descended to the room, and the Colonel, as he entered, saw a man sitting on the side of the bed; clapping him on the shoulder, the Colonel asked him "if he was General Prescott?" He answered, "Yes, sir." The Colonel then told him he was his prisoner. He replied, "I acknowledge it, sir." The Colonel then telling him he must go with them, he begged the privilege of putting on his clothes; the Colonel told him, Very few, for their business required haste—and, in fact, such was the haste, that they were

under the necessity of hurrying the General away without his clothes ; a circumstance which afterwards gave rise to much merriment. In the beginning of the assault upon the house, Major Barrington leaped out of his chamber window, and was immediately secured by the guard-soldiers of the Colonel below ; him they took, with the simple sentinel, in the midst of the party, and marched towards the shore. The sentinel, be it remembered, was the only one of the party that had shoes on—and, to expedite the travelling, General Prescott and his aid were compelled to hug their foes, and cling, with each arm, around a neck, while they were borne, or rather dragged, through the stubble. There being no particular obligation on the party to return by the way they came, they took the liberty to go back by the nearest path, and crossed a field of rye, in which were blackberry bushes. In crossing, the poor General got a severe scratching—and, as his tormentors would not slacken their speed, he was obliged to pursue his journey in a most uncomfortable manner. The leisurely and cautious pace in which they crept on towards the house, was discarded now, and, dashing on by the nearest route, they soon left house and pursuers all far behind, and gained the boats in safety. Then seating the prisoners in number one, the Colonel put his own cloak over the shivering General and pushed off. Somebody, however, had given the alarm, for they had no sooner put from the shore than the signal of alarm was given—the firing of three cannon

and three rockets. Nevertheless, the little party pursued its way in safety. General Prescott just asked if Colonel Barton commanded? Upon getting into the boats he was answered in the affirmative. "You have made a —— bold push to-night," said he. He appeared much confused when taken, and when he found himself so near the British shipping, agitated and perplexed, he wisely forbore any vain attempts at escape or alarm; instead of which, however, he said *he hoped they would not hurt him!* "Oh! no," said Mr. Barton, "you shall not be hurt while you are under my care!"

The adventurous little boats continued their way through the waves with great rapidity. The deep-mouthed cannon was echoing far and near; the beacon of alarm was blazing from a hundred different stations, and streaming rockets were illuminating the darkness of the night. The weary tread of the midnight watch on board the enemy's ships was exchanged for bustling confusion; while the boatswain's shrill whistle, the speaking-trumpet, and the roll of the drum were summoning all hands on deck, beneath the very stern of one vessel and the bowsprit of another, the hardy band of patriots pushed their way, favored by that intense darkness which in this latitude invariably precedes the dawn; and just as morning appeared the boats found themselves under the guns of the fort, safe from their enemies.

Although Prescott had been extremely cruel during his stay on the Island, Barton was too noble-minded to retaliate now. He escorted his prisoner to com-

fortable quarters. On the third day after his capture, he was conveyed to Connecticut, and eventually the General was exchanged for Lee.

After much suffering in consequence of a gunshot wound, and some painful vicissitudes, Colonel Barton died in Providence of apoplexy, on the 22d of October 1831, at the ripe year of 85.

Not long before Barton's death, he attended an annual meeting, on the 4th of July, of the Cincinnati at Newport, and then with remarkable spirit, gave an account of his exploit. Our informant is a gentleman who was present on the occasion.

THE GLEN.

While in the neighborhood of Overing House, the visitor would do well to pay a visit to a charming spot not far distant; it is called THE GLEN.

A cross road leads from the west road, a little north of the house we have been describing, to the east road, and half a mile from this the Glen is situated. In summer the walk is an exceedingly pleasant one.

The Glen is formed by two wooded hills which gradually slope to a valley, through which flows a bright and sparkling stream which dances to its own sweet music. The water is o'er-canopied with trees, through which the sunshine streams, paving as with mosaic gold the grass on the rivulet's margin; and through the foliage, the soft air creeps shedding a delicious coolness over the retired spot. Near the

entrance there is a small pond which has been dammed to supply a grist mill. Beyond this is a grove through which the stream may be followed to the shore on the east side of the Island. Here beautiful views of the East River and of the opposite shore may be enjoyed.

Are you fatigued, reader, with your ramble? if so, near the Glen, and between it and the main road, are the snug quarters of a lady who cheerfully dispenses the cup which cheers but not inebriates, to all those who require soothing souchong, or glorious green, or magnificent mixed tea. Capital coffee too, may here be found, and choicest cakes, (we are growing alliterative.) What can be pleasanter after a ramble through that charming glen, than a quiet gossip over the incomparable infusion of the Chinese leaf? The very idea of it inspires us, and so we close the chapter by saying or singing:—*a la* Mary Wortley Montague :

And then, when our lovely GLEN RAMBLE is past,
And we rest our tired limbs on a sofa at last,
How delightful to mark on the table outspread
The primrose-hued butter, the delicate bread!
The cakes and the cream, the preserves and the ham,
The eggs, the hung beef, the sliced peaches and jam,
The coffee so fragrant, the fine flavored tea,
And the other good things of good Mrs. Durfee!

Reader, Mrs. Durfee is no fiction of our imagination; she keeps the Tea-House of THE GLEN!

Another charming spot is Lawton's Valley, about a mile beyond Overing House, which the visitor would do well to explore.

CHAPTER X.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES — CURIOUS EXTRACTS
FOUND IN AN OLD DIARY IN NEWPORT.

WHILST engaged in writing this little work, a rather curious document has been placed in our hands. It is an old diary, kept by one Fleet S. Greene, a resident of Newport during the Revolutionary War. The manuscript is in a very mutilated condition and difficult to make out, both from age and orthography. In the extracts we may make from it we shall sometimes take the liberty of correcting the latter. In a sort of preface—a letter addressed to Captain John Cahoone, of the United States Revenue Service—Mr. Greene tells the story of his diary. It has no date, and runs as follows :

To Captain John Cahoone.

“ SIR—According to your desire, I have recovered from oblivion the few remarks I made on the British Garrison in Town, in a very ragged condition. It is nearly forty-five years since they were wrote and not fit to appear in public.

“ But as you were in the Garrison at the same time, and was a spectator in every thing that passed, you will make excuses for these papers and the time they [were] writing. At a time that a single line, if discovered, would have [sent] the writer to a close jail. The British Army

and Navy arrived here on the 7th December, 1776, and landed on the 8th under General Clinton—about 9,000 men without opposition. The town remained peaceable for a few days. But there was a great number of people in town—chiefly inhabitants who called themselves Friends to Government—meaning the English Government—who were continually complaining to the officers, to gain their favor, of every person in town that was friends to country, calling them Rebels; and by their reports the Jails and Prison-Ships were continually crowded with the principal Inhabitants. There was a Company formed by the principal Inhabitants who carried arms, and called themselves Associators, that undertook the defence of the Town and form a night watch, of twenty men each night, consisting of the Inhabitants in general. They were in four posts, five men each, which they called a Patrol. These men were under the orders [of] these Associators, and were called by turns to do duty—and as you were a spectator of all their transactions, you [have] the best information.

FLEET S. GREENE."

The first six or eight pages of the Diary are destroyed. From what remains we shall make a few extracts, which may convey some idea of the state of things in Newport during the struggle for Liberty.

"*June 5, 1777.*—A woman, Mrs. Squire, was committed to the Provost [the military gaol; it was situated at the corner of Spring and Pelham streets, opposite Mr. Thayer's church,] for wishing the Provincials to come to the Island."

Here is a reference to Barton's capture of Prescott:—

"*June 11, Thursday.*—Last night came on the west side of the Island supposed to be about forty men, of the Provincials against Mr. John Overain's house, without

the least opposition—carried Major-General Prescott, his Aide de Camp, Mr. Warrington, and what others is not known. Immediately, on intelligence that the General was carried off, the Drums beat to arms—the Dragoons scoured the shore, but the bird was flown. The town appears in the utmost confusion at the loss of the General. Confusion appears in every face; even the greatest friends of liberty are obligated to show some marks of sorrow for the loss of such an accomplished General."

"*June 15.*—The whole command of the town is invested in Major Barry, formerly town Major. He abuses the inhabitants, friends to liberty, in a most shocking manner, not suffering them to talk in the streets."

Things seemed to be becoming serious, for on

"*July 31.*—This morning at 10 o'clock a vessel sailed for Providence, having on board 130 women and children belonging to this town. Their trunks were all searched, and some things, such as tea, pins, linen, and men's clothes, seized by the Provost Marshall and Hessian Town Sergeant."

"*August 17.*—Last night a man came from the Main (land) to this Island. He reports that Admiral Howe has arrived at Boston and burnt the Town; he was immediately committed to the Provost."

"*Sept. 20.*—A guard of a Sergeant and six men are ordered to attend the Market, from nine to ten o'clock in the morning, to regulate the selling of fresh Meat."

"*Sept. 22.*—This morning a number of carpenters were discharged from the King's Works, for refusing to work on Sunday."

"*Oct. 27.*—Great numbers of the inhabitants, who are now imprisoned, have left their families in great distress. Upon application to the Governor for relief they are treated with contempt and turned out."

"*Nov. 9.*—The Presbyterian meeting-houses are taken up for Barracks—all the pews pulled down."

"*— 10.*—The keys of the Baptist meeting-house are taken by the Barrack Master, in order to quarter soldiers."

To add to the troubles of the people of Newport, on—

“Nov. 12.—The Small Pox breaks out in town among the inhabitants.”

“The prisoners at the Pest House die very fast from the want of the common necessaries of life.”

It seems even the dead were not allowed to rest in those stirring times:—

“Nov. 21.—Last night the body of Mr. Magee was taken up, and robbed of the linen, after being buried upwards of 6 weeks.”

There was “sharp practice” in the British fleet—as witness:—

“Dec. 11.—This day at 12 o'clock a man was executed on board the Lark frigate, who had deserted. He was taken on board a privateer.”

“A soldier belonging to the New Regiment cut off his fore finger, in consequence of which he received 7000 lashes!” [700 most likely.]

“Jan. 7, 1778.—A soldier's wife was drummed through the town for breaking a house to burn.”

“March 24.—The Hessian troops appear in uniform for the first time.”

“June 18.—Last night the shop of Messrs. John and William Langley was broke open and robbed.”

“July 10.—A cole mine is opened in the Neck.”

“ “ 29.—This morning the signal at the Ward House were, A fleet appears in sight!”

“Eleven o'clock.—The town is alarmed; it proves to be the French Fleet.”

“Five o'clock.—The Associators all in arms on the Parade. The town-crier warns the inhabitants to join them. The frigates hauled in under the North Battery; the town appears in the greatest confusion.”

“July 31.—Reported that the inhabitants were plundered without distinction in Canonicut.”

“August 2.—The garrison on the Island at present is said to consist of 7,200 soldiers and 1,500 sailors, excluding marines.”

“6.—The army continues to lay waste the Island—cutting down orchards, laying open fields, and numbers of the inhabitants are ordered to move from their houses that they may be pulled down.”

“29.—Early this morning a report arrived that the Provintials were leaving the Island. Immediately the English regiments, with the Auspach Chasseurs and a regiment of Germans, rallied from the lines and attacked a party of Provintials on the road, but were beat off with loss. The Provintials halted at Windmill Hill, and was followed by the King’s Troops, when a smart battle ensued.”

“30.—The Provintials remain at Windmill Hill; the King’s army at Quaker Hill.”

“Dec. 25.—No firewood is allowed to be brought from the country for the inhabitants; notwithstanding numbers of families are ready to perish for the want of that article.”

“Jan. 1, 1779.—All the windmills are taken up to grind rice for the soldiers, being entirely out of flour.”

The greater portion of Greene’s Diary consists of such matter as the arrivals and departures of fleets—reports of victories and defeats—accounts of committals to the “Provost,” and the like. It breaks off abruptly on the 12th October, 1779, when the following entry occurs:—

“—Arrived the Refugee fleet from the eastward; the army and merchants are carrying their baggage as fast as possible. The whole appears in one general confusion.”

On the last fly-leaf of the copy-book, in which these

memoranda are made, is the following—evidently written at a much more recent date :—

“—The Evacuation of the Town took place on the 25th October, 1779, when they marched [through] the Town in solid columns into the Neck, and embarked on board their ships, and sailed for New York at eight in the evening.”

To the future historian of Newport, this document may be extremely useful. We have only picked up a grain here and there, leaving, to a more minute chronicler, the task of thoroughly sifting it. It is about to be placed in the Cabinet of the Rhode Island Historical Society, by Mr. Wm. H. Taylor, of New Bedford—the gentleman who received it from the hands of Captain Cahoon.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHURCHES OF NEWPORT—FIRST BAPTIST—NORTH BAPTIST—JEWS' SYNAGOGUE—TRINITY CHURCH—FRIENDS—FRIENDS (NEW) FIRST CONGREGATIONAL—MORAVIAN—CENTRAL BAPTIST—ROMAN CATHOLIC—FREEWILL BAPTISTS—COLORED.

In the year 1647 it was ordered and decreed by the General Court of Rhode Island, in the matter of religious opinion, “That all men may walk as their own consciences persuade them, every one in the name of his God. And let the sheep and lambs of the Most High walk together in this colony without molestation in the name of Jehovah, their God, for ever and ever.” “And,” says Mr. Ross in his Historical discourse, “to the honor of Rhode Island, and the glory of the Christian name, let it be told to our children from generation to generation, that when, in 1656, the colonies of Plymouth, Massachusetts, Hartford and New Haven, attempted to urge their sanguinary edicts against the Quakers on the colony of Rhode Island, calling on the legislature for an act of proscription, and enforcing that call by threatening to cut off all commercial intercourse with them in case they refused to comply; they nobly

and promptly answered: "We shall strictly adhere to the foundation principles on which this colony was first settled, to wit: that every man who submits peaceably to civil government in this colony, shall worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, without molestation."

The same toleration has been transmitted from sire to son, even until now. Perhaps it would be difficult to find a place where all the various shades of religious opinion are more nicely distinguished than in Newport. Indeed, the man must be fastidious who could not attain the spiritual aliment which he might desire in this fine old town. *Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, Unitarians, Congregationalists, Jews, Roman Catholics, Quakers, and Moravians, all have their places for public devotion.* It is a matter of pleasure too, that we can speak of the good understanding which prevails among the various denominations of Christians. The spirit of Roger Williams and John Clark still seems to animate the community, and excepting those who claim a perpendicular descent, we imagine that very few indeed, would think of damning a fellow Christian without a remarkably clear case. Exclusive pretensions do not find much favor here; and when men are foolish enough to maintain them, they find few of the natives of Rhode Island who can be induced to listen to them. Think, and let think, is remarkably the spirit of the population.

In the following brief notices of the various

Churches, we have taken them in the order in which they were built:—

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

This Church is the oldest in Newport, it having been founded in the year 1638 by Dr. John Clark. The first house erected to the worship of God in this town, was built by this Church, and stood at a place now known by the name of "Green End." Dr. Clark was a learned man, and wrote a Concordance and a Lexicon. He died on the 20th April, 1676, aged 66 years. Mr. Calender, one of the pastors, was the author of the celebrated Historical Sermon preached in March, 1738; and another, Dr. Foster, was the best Hebraist of New England. The Meeting-house, situated in Spring street, is a spacious but plain building, capable of holding probably one thousand persons. A large portion of the congregation reside upon the island, and come three or four miles to attend worship.

The present pastor is the Rev. Samuel Adlam. He has occupied the pulpit three years, and is chiefly distinguished for being the only Baptist minister in Rhode Island who advocates the new Baptist version. Of course he has few around him to sympathize in his views.

NORTH BAPTIST CHURCH.

This Church was established in 1656. The first pastor was the Rev. William Vaughan.

The present edifice was built by the liberality of the late Judge Taber, who bequeathed his property to this Church and Society in 1827. It is situated in North Baptist street. The style is Gothic, and its beautiful tower is quite an ornament to the town, from whatever point it is viewed. The interior is spacious, commodious, and elegant, and is capable of containing twelve hundred persons. There is an excellent and powerful organ, and the bell in the tower is the best in Newport. Divine service is observed three times every Lord's day, viz., at half-past 10 A.M., and at 3 and 7 P.M.

The pastor is the Rev. Dr. Choules, who was ordained over this Society September 27, 1827.

JEWS' SYNAGOGUE.

The present Synagogue in Touro street was erected in the year 1762. Before the war commenced it was thronged with worshippers, upwards of three hundred Jews attending it. It is now, however, never used except occasionally for the funeral service of some of their descendants, who may have desired to be buried there. There is a Jews' cemetery also in Touro street, which was founded by Abraham Touro, whose remains were, in 1822, interred therein. The entrance to it exactly resembles that of the Granary cemetery, Boston, but it is on a smaller scale.

TRINITY CHURCH (EPISCOPAL).

This Church was formed near the close of the 17th century. In 1702 a handsome Church had been built; but in 1724 the Episcopal congregation had grown too numerous for its accommodation, and a new building was erected, which has since been lengthened. This is the present Trinity Church. It is a fine old edifice, with a church-yard on its side fronting Church street. In the latter are some quaint old monuments well worthy of observation. The organ within was presented by Bishop Berkeley, and remains a musical memorial of that good man, who often preached here. It is still ornamented with the British crown, as is also the steeple—perhaps the two only remaining emblems of kingly rule to be now found in the United States. The congregation is not usually large, excepting in summer. Trinity is regarded as what is called “High Church.” The Rev. Mr. Brewer is the rector. There is a small and neat Episcopal Chapel (private ownership) in Church street, which is open every day for morning and evening prayers.

FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE.

The first Friends' Meeting-house in Newport was erected in 1700, and the yearly meeting was then established, where it has ever since been held. The present edifice in Farewell street is an immense building, and looks vastly like the ship-houses at

the Navy Yards at Brooklyn and Charleston. Ordinarily the congregation is very small, but every June, at the time of the annual meeting, the house is indeed a Golgotha, it being so thronged that little else than heads can be seen. At such times, probably 1700 persons assemble beneath its roof.

THE NEW FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE,

Is a small building in Mann avenue. It was built by the Hicksite party, who left the more orthodox of their body behind them.

UNITED CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

This Church was constituted in 1720. It stands at the corner of Spring and Pelham streets, fronting the former. It is a neat, plain building, with galleries, and will accommodate about 700 persons. It was built about fifteen years ago. The pastor is the Rev. Thatcher Thayer. Just in front of the Church are the tombs of two eminent divines, former pastors of the Congregational churches of this town, Dr. Hopkins and Dr. Patten. For many years there were separate Churches, since the union of which the Society is large and prosperous.

MORAVIAN CHAPEL.

In 1758 the United Brethren constituted a Church in Newport. The Chapel is situated in Church street, but it has been closed for many years. The

few persons of this communion in the town worship in other churches.

CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH.

This Church is in Clark street. It was formed by a secession from the North Baptist Church in 1847, and occupies a small, but neat house, holding about 450 or 500 persons. The pastor is the Rev. Henry Jackson. This Church, with the First and the North Baptist, belongs to the Warren Association.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

This Church was erected in 1806. It is situated in Marlborough street, and is a large, plain building, which will seat about 750 persons. By a regulation of Conference, the minister changes every two years. We cannot help thinking it somewhat strange that in our democratic country, the laity of this respectable body allow themselves to be excluded from the Conference, which is composed exclusively of ministers.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL.

The Roman Catholics organized a congregation in Newport in 1828. Their first place of worship was the school house in Barney street. A church was afterwards built at the head of the same street—a large and fine stone building, in the Gothic style. A most substantial building has just been erected in

Spring street. The congregation consists chiefly of Irish emigrants. The Rev. Joseph Fytton is the priest in charge.

ZION CHURCH—[*Episcopal.*]

This is a neat building, with a Grecian portico. It is well situated on the Mall. It is esteemed to be the place of meeting of the Low Church party. The rector is the Rev. M. Watson.

UNITARIAN CHURCH

Is situated in Mill street. It formerly belonged to an orthodox church, but was sold, when the former society built a new house to the Unitarians. It was dedicated on the 27th of July, 1836. It will hold about 400 persons, and is neatly fitted up. The congregation is not large, excepting in summer, when it has quite an accession from Bostonians. The Rev. Charles T. Brooks, a very amiable man and a good scholar, is the pastor.

FREE WILL BAPTIST CHURCH

Stands at the south end of Main street, and has accommodation for about 300 persons. The pastors have frequently been changed.

COLORED CHURCH.

This church is in Division street, and is a commodious place of worship.

CHAPTER XII.

LILY POND—THE SPOUTING ROCK—SONG OF THE WILD FLOWERS—A “GEM” FROM SHELLEY.

WE have wandered with the reader to several of the scenes of attraction which are to be found on the coasts around Newport. Conrad's Cave has been visited; Purgatory has been gazed into; a glimpse has been caught of Paradise; and from Coggeshalls' Ledge we have stared, like Cortez and his men, upon the wide and heaving ocean. When in the neighborhood of the latter locality, we omitted to notice two places which are well worthy the attention of the visitor.

Neither of them will require lengthened descriptions, for they are places which require eye-knowledge, and almost defy pen-and-ink descriptions. Nevertheless, we will do our best to make the reader acquainted with them, though in the end we should only serve as a guide-post.

And first for

THE LILY POND.

To reach this charming spot, the stranger should start from the southern end of Thames street, and

proceed along a slightly tortuous road for about one mile; this will lead him to the beautiful sheet of water which has received so mellifluous an appellation.

The southern portion of Lily Pond is separated from the ocean by a belt of land, looking from which, in windy weather, a striking contrast between the rolling billows of the latter with the scarcely rippled surface of the former, is afforded.

It is, indeed, a retired and lovely spot. On a small rocky promontory, beside the calm waters, there is a profusion of wild roses, and other fragrant children of the sun and the breeze. From these the most delicious odors exhale. A young friend of ours, who is poetically inclined, whilst lying on a bank of this natural garden, gave tongue to his inspiration; and here is his bouquet of

WILD FLOWERS.

We dwell not in grove or garden;
We boast not the bright parterre;
But seek us far up on the mountains free,
'Neath the hedge-row green;—in the shady lea,
For our homes are there!

And we envy not those of the garden—
Happy and safe we lie:
We are far from the dwellings of toil and strife;
And on that sweet spot where we sprang to life,
We bloom and die!

But the chief charm of the lake consists in its harvest of those flowers after which it is named. In

June and July, the surface of the little lake is almost covered with blue and white water lilies, which fill the atmosphere with fragrance; while in the perfumed air birds sing joyously, and waterfowl glide noiselessly among the broad leaves, or, if disturbed, sail away on whirring wings to the beach beyond.

Lily Pond is just such a place as Shelley described in his "Sensitive Plant":—

"And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was prankt under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of green and moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some opened at once to the sun and the breeze—
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous Asphodels,
And flowers which drooping as day droop'd too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew."

Lily Pond is just the place for a pic-nic party. Get up one, reader, and invite us thereto; then "under the greenwood tree," Gipsy-like,—

"_____ we'll have tea and toast;
Custards for supper, and an endless host
Of syllabubs, and jellies and mince-pies,
And other such lady-like luxuries,—
Feasting on such, we will philosophize."

THE SPOUTING ROCK.

Proceeding in a south-easterly direction from Lily Pond, the stroller after curiosities will find one on the shore at the foot of Almy's Pond. It is a natural curiosity. The under surface of some rocks are excavated, and form deep and tortuous caverns, one of which has an upward shaft which terminates on the surface of the rock. When the wind has been for a little time brisk, and in a south-westerly direction, the sea rushes with great force into these hollows of the rock, and forces itself through the shaft or spout to a considerable height. It has been said to have reached an altitude of thirty feet. The view from the rock is extensive and fine.

CHAPTER XIII.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND INSTITUTIONS—THE STATE HOUSE—STUART'S PICTURE—TOWN HALL—REDWOOD LIBRARY—MECHANICS' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION—MASONIC HALL—FREE SCHOOLS—NEWPORT ASYLUM.

THE stranger who leaves the steamboat at Long Wharf, and walks along that marine thoroughfare toward the town, will observe directly before him, at some distance, a large and official-looking building, which is evidently connected with the public business of the town: this is the STATE HOUSE.

This edifice is situated at the end of the Mall, on the upper part of Washington Square. It stands on a slight eminence, and, though possessing no claim to architectural correctness, it is still rather an imposing-looking structure. The front is of brick, and a flight of steps leads to the entrance. A clock and a cupola, with a bell, serve to mark and announce time's flight. It was built about 1741.

On entering the front door, the visitor finds himself in a large hall, which is used as a place of meeting for the citizens of the town, and there the public business of the place is transacted. A broad flight of stairs leads to the second story, which is divided

into two rooms. The north one is spacious and commodious: it is used as the Representative Hall; and in it also the United States Court hold their sessions. The south room, which is much smaller, but handsome, is occupied as a Senate Chamber.

In this apartment are two fine paintings. One is a full-length portrait of the great Washington, from the pencil of the celebrated Gilbert Stuart. It is a masterly production, and, whether we consider the likeness or the handling, deserves all praise. Newport may well be proud of possessing such a work of art, and the more so because the distinguished painter was a native of the town.

The other picture is also a portrait of the father of his country.

An interesting spectacle was presented in front of the State House, on July 4, 1826, when Major John Handy read the Declaration of Independence from the steps; that being the place where, fifty years before, it was read to the people by the same gentleman. The steps were decorated by an arch of flowers. Major Handy addressed the assembled multitude as follows: "My respected fellow-citizens, at your united request, I appear before you in this public station, at an age when it would seem advisable that I should remain a silent spectator of the performances of the day—a day which, half a century past, secured to us our independence and prosperity; and no nation has been more prosperous. My own feelings on this occasion I have sacrificed to

gratify your wishes. The recollection of past scenes of the last fifty years rushes in succession on my mind, with a hope and belief that the mantle of charity will be thrown over my imperfections ; and under that impression, I shall proceed to the performance of the part required of me."

After the Declaration was read, a hymn was sung to the tune of "Old Hundred," the whole multitude uniting their voices with a fervency and zeal which gave it a most sublime and happy effect.

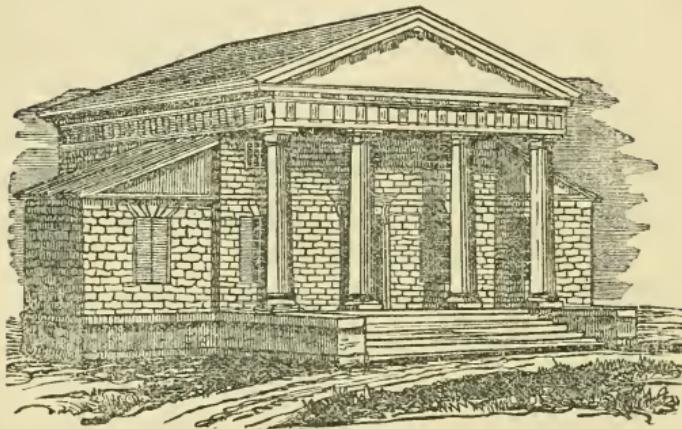
Almost in front of the State House is a wall, ornamented with trees. At its foot is an excellent fountain of pure water.

Such open spaces as this are very advantageous in all towns of any importance. We fervently hope that, as Newport increases, the authorities will not permit the ground to be built over without regard to sanitary rules. Squares and parks are the lungs of towns and cities. By the way, what an admirable situation is the field in which stands the old Stone Tower for a square. The space around it might be laid out with taste ; and a sweeter spot for a town saunter could hardly be imagined. The gray old ruin would finely contrast with the flowers around it. Let this field be bought in, and made free to the citizens of Newport for ever. We merely throw out the hint.

THE TOWN HALL

Stands at the corner of Long Wharf and Thames street. It is an old building, and requires no parti

cular notice. In the room above, judicial business is transacted, and below is a market place.



THE REDWOOD LIBRARY.

The Redwood Library is in Touro street. It owes its origin to a literary and philosophical society which was established in Newport in 1730. Bishop Berkeley encouraged the formation of this institution. Originally, it was a debating society: but discussions were gradually laid aside, and the energies of the society were solely directed to the collection of valuable books.

In the accomplishment of this new object, a great impulse was given by Abraham Redwood, Esq., who, in 1747, placed at the disposal of the society £500 sterling, for the purchase of standard books in London. To give perseverance and usefulness to his donation, Mr. Redwood enjoined on the society

the duty of erecting an edifice for the reception of such books as should be purchased. Five thousand pounds were immediately subscribed by the inhabitants of the town. Henry Collins, Esq. presented in June, 1748, to the company, the lot of land on which the library-edifice now stands. The library-building is a beautiful specimen of the Doric order—it was completed in 1750. The principal front is ornamented with a portico of four Doric columns, seventeen feet in height, and projecting nine feet from the walls of the building. The wings furnish two rooms of about twelve feet square. The principal library-room, occupying the whole of the main building, is thirty-seven feet long, twenty-six feet broad, and nineteen feet in height. The edifice is lighted by seven whole windows, and three attic windows in the east and west ends. The three whole windows in the east end are beautifully enriched with tasteful architectural ornament.

This library is remarkably rich in classical and theological works. It was this circumstance which induced the Rev. Ezra Stiles to settle in Newport. He was an honorary member of the institution, and through his exertions, many valuable works from European authors were procured. He acted for nearly twenty years as librarian of the company.

During the Revolution the library is said to have been defaced, and many of the books carried off. Gen. Prescott, to his honor be it said, on hearing of the exposed state of the library, stationed a military

guard to protect it from further injury and depredation.

Mr. Redwood died in March, 1788. He was a native of Antigua, where he possessed large and valuable estates.

After his death the public interest in the prosperity of the institution seems to have declined. In fact, its very existence at one time depended on the resolution and efforts of a few individuals. The late Dr. Channing, in a discourse delivered at Newport, in 1836, alludes to the neglected condition of the library at this period, during which he pursued his studies in this town. He says :—"I had no professor or teacher to guide me, but I had two noble places of study, one was yonder beautiful edifice, now so frequented, and so useful as a public library; then so deserted, that I spent day after day, and sometimes week after week, amidst its dusty volumes, without interruption from a single visitor."

The Hon. W. C. Gibbs has liberally permitted a free access to a valuable collection of books at present deposited by him in the library.

The library-room is adorned by several paintings and busts. The beautiful bust of John Marshall, was presented in 1839, by Augustus E. Silliman, Esq., of New York. There are also portraits of Columbus, and of Abraham Redwood, the founder of the library, by Charles B. King, Esq., of Washington.

Around the room are portraits also of Wm. Wirt,

J. C. Calhoun, Major-Gen. Brown, Daniel Webster, Gen. Lee, Com. J. Rogers, Wm. Redwood, Geo. W. Coddington, Patrick Henry, Gov. Josh. Wauton, Mrs. Wauton, Rev. J. Callender, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, and John and Mrs. Bannister. And on the south side is a fine painting of the Old Mill, by Geo. C. Mason, Esq., of Newport.

The library hours are from May 1 to November 1, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays from 2 to 5 P. M.; and from November 1 to May 1, Tuesdays and Saturdays, from 2 to 4 o'clock, P. M.

A stroll among books always sets us a thinking. Here is

A DAY-DREAM IN THE REDWOOD LIBRARY.

Saidst thou, friend and poet perished;*

Said, ere toil dimm'd reason's ray,
Of thy volumes lov'd and cherished—
"Never-failing friends are they."

Ah! we never need be dreary
When such golden stores we find;
Banquets left for spirit weary,
By regenerated mind!

Wealth may fly, and friends deceive us,
Love may lose its sunny looks;
But those pleasures seldom leave us
Which we garner in from books.

Harvests, finer far than golden
Heaps of ever-fleeting store,
Are the grains we glean from olden
Fields of consecrated lore.

* Southey.

See these folios, brown and stately,
Iron-clasped and timber bound,
Where they, side by side, sedately
Keep their places near the ground;

As if well they knew their station,
And for minor ranks o'erhead,
They afforded sure foundation,
Sterling metal furnished.

In this chamber, still and solemn,
Bacon builds again for me
A sublime, heaven-soaring column
Of clear-eyed philosophy.

Graceful Sidney bids me listen
'Till in ecstasy I cry,
Whilst my eyes with rapture glisten,
Am I, too, in Aready!

Spenser, in majestic measure,
And with grave, yet courtly mien,
Takes me to the bowers of pleasure,
Shows to me the Faery Queen!

Bunyan telleth me the story,
How he penned from day to day,
Prison-bound, his allegory
Of the Pilgrim's heavenward way.

Pope, sharp-visaged, and sour-featured,
Once more in the Dunciad sneers;
Churchill, coarse, and savage-natured,
Blends solemnity with jeers.

One, with face reflecting glory,
With serene but sightless eyes,
Sings to me his deathless story
Of the loss of Paradise!

Byron, in unearthly brightness,
Stands before me, face to face;
Like the marble in his whiteness;
Like th' Apollo in his grace.

Now, no more by anguish riven,
 Now, no more by madness bound,
 Cowper whispers me of heaven ;
 Of the mother lost and found !

Thou, too, from thy grave arisen ?
 Gentle, much-loved Elia, thou ?
 From thy scarcely-denized prison,
 With the old smile on thy brow.

Ha ! I hear of silks a rustling ;
 Hooped and furbelowed—in view
 Comes the piquant, witty, bustling,
 Sprightly, Wortley Montague ;

And trick'd out, soft nothings muttering,
 Horace Walpole's standing by,
 O'er each tasteful topic fluttering
 Like a learned butterfly.

Walpole starts—and shrinks to nothing !
 For a spectre lean *and wan*
 Looks upon the fop with loathing,
 'Tis the ghost of Chatterton !

Hemans, with her linked sweetness ;
 Landon, with her mournful song,
 Pass me by with airy fleetness,
 Borne on viewless wings along !

Thus with these, and countless others,
 Draughts of pure delight I sip :
 Dearer far than that of brothers,
 Is our mute companionship.

Sunbeams, tinged with evening splendor,
 Slant through Redwood's lore-fraught fane ;
 And as dies the twilight tender,
 I am in the world again.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

This institution is situated in Main street. It possesses a library of from two to three thousand volumes

of books. It supports a course of lectures in the winter.

MASONIC HALL,

A neat and appropriate building, belonging to the Free Masons, is situated in Church street. Not having been initiated into the mysteries of the craft, we must content ourselves with a mere outside view of it.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

There are seventeen public schools, viz.:

Two senior departments, (corresponding with what are usually called "high schools;") one for each sex.

Four grammar schools; two for boys, and two for girls.

Two intermediate schools; seven primary; one "district school" for boys, and one for colored children, taught by twenty-one teachers, and containing about a thousand pupils, but furnishing accommodation for 1160. The expenses of the schools are paid by moneys received from the State fund and taxes on the property of the town. Books and stationery are furnished by the committee, for the use of which the pupils are assessed from ten to fifty cents per quarter each; and this is remitted, where there is reason to entertain the plea of inability.

All the branches necessary to a finished English education are thoroughly taught, and also the Latin language.

NEWPORT ASYLUM.

In the year 1819, the town of Newport commenced the erection of the Newport Asylum, on Coasters' Harbor Island.

To reach the interesting place, the visitor should take a course north-westward from the town, where there are some very airy and pleasant streets, though it is not deemed a fashionable neighborhood. Previous to the Revolutionary war, this was a very busy part of Newport ; for here were docks, wharves and warehouses, all of which were destroyed by the British. This part of Newport is known as "The Point." On a beach near, formerly called "Bull's Point," twenty-six pirates were hanged together, on the 19th of July, 1723. These men were found on board the ship Fortune, commanded by Low, and the Ranger, commanded by one Harris ; both which piratical cruisers were captured fourteen leagues from the east end of Long Island by Captain Peter Sol-yard, of the English ship Greyhound, on the 10th of June previous. Leaving this place, Fort Greene, commonly called the Battery, is reached. It is now in ruins. From the shore, by means of a boat, Coasters' Harbor Island is swiftly and safely reached.

The asylum is a handsome stone edifice, occupying an airy and pleasant position, and appearing to great advantage from the harbor. As soon as the building was completed, it was put under the immediate charge of nine commissioners ; three of whom

go out of office every year, and others are chosen to fill their places. The commissioners have entire control of the asylum and island, with the management of its affairs. Previous to building the asylum, the cost to the town of Newport for the support of the poor was about \$7,000 per year. Since its establishment, that expense has been reduced considerably below \$3,000. The keeper of the establishment manages the farm for the commissioners, and takes care of the poor, for a stipulated salary. The produce of the farm and the manufactures meet in part the expense of the establishment, which expense varies from about \$3,000 to \$4,000 per annum, as more or less inmates are therein, and as the price of provisions rises and falls.

CHAPTER XIV.

EMINENT MEN, NATIVES OF, OR CONNECTED WITH NEWPORT — GREENE — PERRY — CALLENDER — STILES — A. BROWN — HOPKINS — RODMAN — GAMMEL — DUNN — WATERHOUSE — SENTER — MOFFATT — BRETT — G. STUART — MALBONE — ALLSTON — CLAGGETT — C. B. KING — WALL — STEWART — DUTEE PEARCE — ROBERT ROGERS — COL. TOTTEN — B. HAZARD — ROBBINS, &c., &c.

DR. BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE, himself a native of Newport, in an article published in the *Boston Intelligencer* in 1824, entitled “Medical Literature of Rhode Island, with a sketch of some of her most eminent men,” says:—

“The Island of Rhode Island, from its salubrity and surpassing beauty before the Revolutionary War so sadly defaced it, was the chosen resort of the rich and philosophic from nearly all parts of the civilized world. In no spot of the thirteen, or rather twelve colonies, was there concentrated more individual opulence, learning, and liberal leisure.”

We have seen how the beautiful scenery, the delightful atmosphere, and the charms of literature and refinement induced the celebrated Dean Berke-

ley, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, to make this his residence for several years. Doubtless the charms of the literary society he found here had much to do with his unpremeditated stay.

Newport may be considered remarkable either as the birth-place or the residence of some of the most eminent men of whom America can boast. In fact, according to Dr. Waterhouse, it was a very nursery of learning. He says:—"Newport was never wanting in good classical schools. The Episcopal church and the Quakers, who were very numerous, took particular care of education, especially the first. Newport was the only place in New England where the Hebrew language was publicly read, and chaunted by more than three hundred of the descendants of Abraham."

Heroes, judges, statesmen, divines, physicians, lawyers, artists, merchants, and literary men, each eminent in their respective vocations, here found in Newport a natural or an adopted home. Wilkins Updike, Esq., in his excellent Biographical "Memoirs of the Rhode Island Bar," a work which he ought by all means to continue, says:—"The people of Newport talk of their city as it was before the Revolution, in the palmy and classical days of Lightfoot, and mourn over those departed times, when their island was the intellectual constellation of this western hemisphere. She was ornamented with her Hunter, her Haliburton and Moffatt, in medicine and surgery. Brown, Clapp, Callender, Honyman, Stiles,

Hopkins and Thurston, in the ministry, and for a while, illumined by the residence of Berkeley ;—and Lightfoot, Updike, Scott, Robinson, Ellery, Johnson, Honyman, Marchant, Channing, Simpson and others within her bar. And her general society, learned, polished and urbane. To which was added erudite and accomplished strangers, military and naval, induced from the love of science and the charm of climate to reside there."

We shall briefly refer to some of these celebrities, for though the luminaries may be extinguished, their fame is imperishable.

Among American heroes, whose names are connected with Newport, may be named Gen. Nathaniel Greene, and Com. Oliver H. Perry. Gen. Greene ranked high as a military commander; he was a native of Warwick, in this state, and resided many years with his family in the town. Commodore Perry, the hero of Lake Erie, was born in South Kingston, and educated in Newport; and here his remains, having been brought from Trinidad, were buried in December, 1826.

Of eminent divines, Newport can boast of a goodly number. Among the most celebrated, are John Callender, M. A., the author of the well-known "Historical Discourse." He was Pastor of the first Baptist church in Newport.

Dr. Ezra Stiles, well known as a man of great literary attainments, was for a number of years Pas-

tor of the First Congregational Church in Newport. He was afterwards President of Yale College.

Dr. Arthur Brown was born and received his education in Newport. He was a man of great celebrity as a scholar. He was afterwards President of Trinity College in Dublin.

Dr. Samuel Hopkins was a Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Newport. He was a fine metaphysician, and distinguished as the originator of a system that bears his name.

To come down to later times, Newport may well boast of that distinguished Pastor and scholar William Ellery Channing. This great man was born here, in a house now occupied as a school by the Misses Coe, in Thames street. Mr. Channing's father was also a Newporter.

Then we have had also the Rev. T. Rodman, an excellent and estimable clergyman, and a forcible writer on theology.

Two learned natives of Newport now occupy professorial chairs in Brown University — Professor Wm. Gammel the Chair of History, and Professor Dunn that of English Literature.

Physicians, able and good, have also adorned Newport. Dr. Waterhouse, to whom we have before referred—Dr. William Hunter, who in 1756 gave, at Newport, in the Court-house, the first Anatomical and Surgical Lecture, ever delivered in the twelve Colonies. He was a man of great skill—had been well educated at Edinburgh, and possessed

much taste in the fine arts. "It may be doubted whether Boston, New York or Philadelphia," says Waterhouse, speaking of Drs. Hunter and Haliburton, "ever had, at one and the same time, two practitioners of physic and surgery better educated and more skilful than these two gentlemen."

Dr. Isaac Senter was a resident of Newport—perhaps a native. He was an eminent chemist.

The names, too, of Moffatt and Brett are intimately connected with Newport. They were both eminent in their profession.

Among lawyers, Judge Lightfoot was conspicuous. He was a native of London, and had been a Judge in the Southern District of the United States, but the climate enfeebling his health, he came to Newport to renovate his impaired constitution. Charmed with the society here he was disinclined to return, and resigned his office.

Lightfoot was the oracle of the literary men of Newport. Waterhouse says, "He was a perfect encyclopedia, and constantly dined from home. He was not a buffoon nor a mimic, but a fine relator of apt anecdotes. I am not certain that he ever read law as a profession, yet he was master of it as well as of the science of learning."

Mention, too, must here be made of the late Dutee J. Pearce, Esq. He was born on Prudence Island, in this State, but resided nearly all his life in Newport. For many years he represented the State in Congress, and was formerly Attorney General.

Newport has been prolific of artists. The beautiful and enchanting scenery of the island is a reason, perhaps, why so many of her sons in their youthful days indulge in poetry and painting. Whatever the cause, it is certain that Newport has furnished, or fostered more great painters than any other city of the Union.

Among portrait painters, it would be difficult to find in any country one who possessed higher gifts than the late Gilbert Stuart. There is nothing meretricious in his works—no flashy accessories deformed his pictures, for he despised the clap-traps of art as heartily as Sir Joshua Reynolds himself. It may be said of Stuart, as it has been said of that great artist, that he never painted a portrait without painting a picture also. Not only was Stuart happy in sketching the features of a face, but he caught the character also—that difficult art, without which a limner degenerates into a mere copyist of eyes, noses and mouths. Let any one gaze on the glorious picture of Washington which adorns the Senate Chamber, and he will feel assured that it gives the *character* and the expression of its illustrious original. And yet the effect is so quietly produced! No glaring colors—no studied attitude—no gaudy curtains to “throw out” the figure—all is subdued, harmonious and effective. Had not Stuart painted Washington, we question whether the true features of the Father of his Country would have so satisfactorily been preserved. We might mention other

heads by Stuart—Martha Washington, for instance—but what has been said of one may be affirmed of all. Newport may well be proud of possessing the portrait of America's greatest man, from the pencil of her greatest painter! Gilbert Stuart died in Boston in 1848, aged 73 years.

Edward Malbone, another native of Newport, was, perhaps, one of the finest of miniature painters. His works will not lose by comparison with those of the celebrated Cosway, or the paintings of the present Sir William C. Ross. To perfect himself in his art, Malbone went to England, and was introduced to West, his great countryman, then President of the Royal Academy. Sir Benjamin West having examined some of his works, asked him why he had come to England. Mr. Malbone answered—to perfect himself in the art of painting. West replied—“Sir, you can go home again, for a man who can paint such a picture as this, need not come to England for instruction.”

Malbone was not a mere copyist. His exquisite painting, “The Hours,” now in the possession of his sister, Mrs. John Whitehouse, is a rare gem of art, as original in conception as it is beautiful in execution. Nathaniel Hawthorne, in the “House with Seven Gables,” places in the hands of Hepzubah Pyncheon a miniature by Malbone—a graceful compliment to the genius of the artist.

Mr. Malbone's devotion to his profession so injured his health, that in 1806 he was compelled to re-

linquish his pencil. He died in Savannah in May, 1807, of consumption.

Washington Allston, an artist of undoubted genius, though not born in Newport, received his first instructions in painting from Mr. Samuel King, who resided in the town ; and his propensity for painting was probably cultivated by his residence amidst the scenery of Newport, whence he had come from South Carolina to attend the classical school kept by the late Robert Rogers, who was also the instructor of Dr. Channing, whose sister Allston married. Allston was a man of vivid and remarkable genius—a great artist, and an otherwise gifted individual. It is sufficient praise to say that he was the intimate friend and beloved companion of Coleridge. Of that remarkable being he painted the best portrait ever taken. Coleridge and all his friends, Southey included, agreed in this opinion. It is strange that of the many portraits taken of the author of "Christabel," only one should have truly delineated the poet. This portrait was painted for Mr. Wade, of Bristol, England. It has been only once engraved ; a beautiful fac-simile of it is attached as a frontispiece to the English edition, published by Bogue, of the "PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES" which first appeared in the *Boston Atlas* some six or seven years ago.

William Claggett, a celebrated artist, not a native, but an adopted son of Newport, where he spent more than twenty years of his life, deserves a place in this volume. He came to this country from

Wales, when about twelve years of age. He served his time as an apprentice at the clock-making business in Boston, where he remained until 1727, when he removed to Newport, and commenced business. Many of his clocks are still to be seen in some of the ancient dwellings of Newport.

Claggett was also a great electrician, and had an immense machine in his house. He was acquainted with Benjamin Franklin, who, when he visited Newport, saw such apparatus as Claggett's for the first time. After the death of Mr. Claggett, and while Dr. Franklin was in Philadelphia, his son, Thomas Claggett, desirous of setting up a machine on the plan improved by Dr. Franklin, and as a cylinder was not to be obtained in this part of the country, sent to the Doctor to procure one for him. His request was readily complied with by Franklin, who, when learning that it was for the son of his old friend, refused to accept the money sent for its purchase.

Mr. Charles B. King, an artist of great ability, now resident in Washington City, is also a native of Newport. His portraits of Abraham Redwood and Columbus, with others, are to be seen in the Redwood Library.

Another artist resident in Newport was an Irish gentleman, Mr. W. H. Wall, a landscape painter of great ability, and without a rival in water colors. Many of his finest productions are in the hands of

Newport connoisseurs. He is now flourishing in Dublin.

The celebrated "Walking Stewart" for some time resided in Newport, of which, in one of his amusing works, he has recorded some pleasant notices.

Among the notabilities of Newport was Abraham Touro, a Hebrew gentleman, and a native of the town. He founded the Jews' Cemetery, and was buried there. A street bears his name.

Of Abraham Redwood, Esq., a notice will be found in our notice of the Redwood Library.

Baron Kinsale, an Irish nobleman, was a native of Newport.

Mr. Benjamin Hazard, a man of remarkable genius, and of vast logical acumen, was a native of Newport.

The town can also boast of a gifted son, Asher Robbins, Esq. Mr. Robbins was a profound lawyer, and an United States Senator. He was, perhaps, the best Greek scholar in the United States. Mrs. Sophia Little, his daughter, is a poetess of great merit.

Another eminent Newporter, but recently deceased, was William Hunter, LL.D., son of the Dr. William Hunter who was the first lecturer on anatomy in the colonies. Dr. William Hunter was a ripe scholar, and a most estimable citizen. He was at one time an United States Senator, and also Minister to Rio Janeiro. He was highly distin-

guished for his extensive learning and his great eloquence.

Newport was in 1780 visited by a French fleet, and an army of brave men. The fleet was commanded by the Chevalier De Ternay, and the army by the Count De Rochambeau. De Ternay died soon after his arrival in the town, and was buried with military honors in Trinity church-yard.

It may be mentioned in this place that General Washington visited Newport in March 1781. He passed over from the main by Canonicut Ferry, and landed from his barge at the foot of Long Wharf. As he passed the French fleet, lying back of the Fort, they fired a salute, and the army was drawn up in order for his reception at the Long Wharf. They formed in two lines, extending from the house of William Vernon, Esq., at the south end of Clark street, to the Parade, thence to the west end of Long Wharf. Washington marched up between the two lines, receiving the warm congratulations of his fellow citizens, and the same honors from his generous allies which they said they paid their king. The town was illuminated the evening after his arrival at Newport. This was the first interview he enjoyed with the French officers; and it is said here Washington and Count De Rochambeau laid their plans for an attack on New York, which was disconcerted by the arrival of a large fleet and army to the assistance of Sir Henry Clinton, under the command of Admiral Rodney.

We cannot conclude this notice of Newport celebrities without mentioning that the always pleasant society of Newport was for many years greatly indebted for a vast addition to its sources of enjoyment to the genial society of Colonel, now General Totten. This gentleman was the engineer employed by Government at Fort Adams. Colonel Totten possessed in a very remarkable degree the happy faculty of adding to the delight of every circle he entered. A more generally accomplished man we have never known. A naturalist, a chemist, and a man of general knowledge on most subjects, his conversation was delightful. It will be remembered that in his own profession he was greatly distinguished, he having conducted the bombardment at Vera Cruz.

CHAPTER XV.

ISLANDS AND FORTS IN NARRAGANSETT BAY—ISLANDS—
CANONICUT, PRUDENCE, PATIENCE, HOPE, DESPAIR,
HOG, GOULD, DYER'S, COASTER'S HARBOR, ROSE, GOAT,
AND DUTCH—FORTS—ADAMS, GREENE, WOOLCOTT, AND
LEWIS.

WE said in a former chapter that in Narragansett Bay was a group of islands, constituting a small archipelago. Of these, Rhode Island, as the largest and most important, we have more particularly described. We will now take a tour among the other ocean-circled islands, with the design rather of sailing round them than of minutely chronicling their positions and peculiarities.

Second in size to Rhode is the island of Canonicut. As seen on the map, it presents a long, straggling appearance. It is *almost* divided into two islands, for the southern portion is connected with the northern by a “leading string” of land, so that the big part of Canonicut looks as though the little part was a parasite, a sort of Remora, which tenaciously adhered to it by a single sucker.

Canonicut is a beautiful island, with occasional eminences, from whence splendid views are obtain-

ed. Its shores slope gently to the sea, and all the lines of surface are in conformity with the usual natural lines of beauty and grace. Its soil is rich. From north to south its length is about seven miles. It includes a single township, incorporated, in 1678, by the name of Jamestown. Its population is about six to seven hundred.

The Beaver-tail Light stands on its southernmost point.

Prudence Island is the next in point of size. Then we have Patience Island, Hope Island, Despair Island, Hog Island, Gould Island, Dyer's Island, Coaster's Harbor Island, Rose Island, Goat Island, Dutch Island, and we were going to say Block Island, but the latter lies away to the southwest, and all who wish to learn its story must read Richard H. Dana's "Buccaneer." We only quote one of his introductory stanzas—

“ The island lies nine leagues away,
Along its solitary shore
Of craggy rock and sandy bay
No sound but ocean's roar,

Save where the bold wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam !”

And on this Block Island the admirers of Matthew Lee may indulge themselves in buccaneering rambles to their heart's content.

Very beautiful are all these islands—gems of the Bay of Narragansett—and pleasantly, too, are they named!—we might, perhaps, say appropriately. When, remembering the struggles, sorrows, efforts,

and aspirations of those who first were familiar with them, we fancy we hear the echoes of their key-notes of experience. Canonicut retains its old name—and Canonicus, the Sachem of Narragansett, yet haunts, in our memory, his own old Indian ground. But the other islands have lost their sonorous appellations. They still, however, retain what we may consider to be expressive epithets. Let us, in a fit of fancy, wander among them, and wonder why that crooked territory should be christened "Prudence," and why its little sister along side it should be designated "Patience." Excellent virtues are these; and perchance some ladies (the virtues are all feminine), beloved by the first voyagers hereabouts, were gifted above measure with caution and forbearance. Not far west of Prudence lies Hope Island, with Despair Island close to it; but, happily, Despair is only a speck on the waters, whilst Hope presents a broad and bright surface. Dyer's Island may have been a place where the changers of colors resided. [Fact, however, banishes fancy, and assures us that the island was named after Dyre, one of the early settlers.] And Gould Island, an imaginary California to some enthusiast. Then how odoriferous are the breezes which "flow soft from Rose's Isle;" and how picturesque the crags might have been on the shore of Goat Island when the kids used to leap there. Happily some great apple-gourmand christened the "Dumplings;" and it may be that a phlegmatic son of the Scheldt first smoked his pipe on Dutch Island,

which even until now keeps a glowing pipe, in the shape of a light-house ! Hog Island was, possibly, a porcine paradise ; and Coaster's Harbor Island an asylum from the sea storms of yore, as it now is an asylum from the long storm of unsuccessful life ; and the Solitary Cormorant Rock, off Sachuest Point, might have been the retreat of some rapacious old man of the sea, who, perched on his crag, might have looked hungrily on approaching vessels, in the hope of a wreck and spoil.

Having adverted to the Islands, let us now glance at the Forts.

Happily, they are silent now. Some have long ago gone to dust and ruin, and only one frowns along the steep. The chief of these national defences in the neighborhood of Newport is

FORT ADAMS.

This structure stands on a point of land opposite the wharves of Newport. A sail of ten minutes duration from Bannister's pier conveys the visitor to the opposite shore. There he may walk round the ramparts, see the beautiful view which it commands of town and bay and bold sea shore, without any intervening obstacles. An order from the proper authorities will admit to the various offices. The appointments are, in all respects, perfect, and must gratify all visitors. In summer, there is a review in the great square of the fort on Tuesdays and Fridays.

When the artillery exercise, the manœuvres are executed without the walls.

FORT GREENE

Lies north of the town, nearly opposite the light-house end of Goat Island. It is a mere ruin.

FORT WOOLCOTT

Stands on Goat Island. It is only used now as a station in case of infectious diseases, and is not garrisoned.

FORT LOUIS,

or Fort Dumpling, stands on one of the Dumpling rocks. It is now only a shell of masonry.



On Rose Island, the remains of a fort and barracks are visible.

CHAPTER XVI.

TAMMANY HILL—THE OBSERVATORY—MALBONE HOUSE
—ANECDOTES OF THE MALBONES—MR. HALL'S MANSION
—CEMETERIES.

IF the visitor desires to behold, at a glance, one of the most extensive and delightful views which the vicinity can boast of, he should take a stroll to Tammany Hill.

When Mr. William Coddington came to look for a place of settlement, he found a tribe of Indians on the island, whose sachem was Wonnumetonomy. His wigwam stood on a remarkable hill at the north part of the township of Newport. Coddington applied to the sachem to purchase the island, whose answer was that Canonicus and Miantonomo were the chief sachems, and that he could not sell the land. This Wonnumetonomy was the resident sachem or governor of this island, under the Narragansett sachems. The place of his residence was called by the English after his name, vulgarly abbreviated to Tonomy Hill, until about thirty years since, when it underwent a new corruption, and is now generally called Tammany Hill. Tonomy Hill may, therefore, be considered as having been the

royal residence of the sachems both before and after the conquest of the island by the Narragansetts.

This Tammany Hill was once fortified. It terminated the left wing of the intrenchments which the British threw up around the town while in possession of the island.

On its crest now stands a wooden structure, called an observatory, about fifty feet high. From its summit magnificent views of the town, bay, islands, ocean, and the surrounding country are obtained. It is the property of Dr. Rowland Hazard.

Near Tammany Hill once stood Malbone House. It was in old times a splendid mansion, one of the old-fashioned places where borders of box-wood were clipped into compulsory regularity, and yew trees fashioned into ornithological monsters. Until within a few years vestiges of elegance yet remained, but now no traces of them remain.

Mr. Malbone was one of the most opulent men in the provinces, and his residence was a perfect banqueting house. The beautiful edifice, however, was suddenly destroyed. One day, when a large party had assembled at dinner, an alarm of fire was given; a spark had kindled the soot in the kitchen chimney. Every assistance was rendered; but the wind was high, and before nightfall Malbone House was a heap of smoking ruins.

It is said that the house owed its destruction to the pride of Mrs. Malbone, who could not endure to have her spacious halls and parlors polluted by a

rabble of country boys and farmers, nor allow them to trample with their dusty shoes over her rich carpets and mahogany stairs, even to preserve her stately mansion from destruction; and that being allowed to enter only by the back doors, it was found impossible to convey water to the roof fast enough to extinguish the flames, in consequence of which the haughty lady lost the house she prized so much.

Mr. Malbone bore his loss almost stoically, for it so happened that he had a large party on the fatal day to dinner. Finding that no efforts could arrest the progress of the flames, he ordered the dinner to be conveyed to an out-building adjacent, coolly observing—"If I have lost my house, that is no reason that we should lose our dinner."

On the site of Malbone House now stands the beautiful mansion of the Hon. J. Prescott Hall, District-Attorney for New York. It is built of brown stone. On the left of the front is a tower, from the summit of which is an unrivalled prospect of the bay and surrounding country. Around the dwelling is a verandah, from whence the views also are delightful: fine cedar trees with their dark masses of foliage agreeably shading the lingerers in that delicious retreat. The dwelling is a pattern of elegant simplicity, and reminds one of a good English rural home—a mother-country gentleman's country house. Nor does the exterior convey a false impression of the owner, who is characterised by hospitality and all

those genial tastes which render such a residence a "little heaven below."

Near the house are the stables, fitted up with every regard to comfort and convenience. Over the entrance is the cranium of an elk with branching horns. The structure is really an ornament to the landscape, and not, as is too often the case with such offices, a deformity and a nuisance.

Nor far from Tammany Hill is the Cemetery. It is a large piece of ground, well filled with the bones of the "rude forefathers" of the town. Conspicuous among the monuments is the obelisk to the memory of Commodore Perry, the hero of Lake Erie. There is a smaller place of burial opposite the North Baptist Church (Dr. Choules's), in which repose the remains of several former governors of the colony.

CHAPTER XVII.

A RIDE TO THE STONE BRIDGE—VAUCLUSE—PICTURES
—QUAKER'S HILL—BATTLE THERE—THE BRIDGE—
SHARKING, &c.

THE visitor to Newport who may be inclined for an island trip, may very pleasantly spend a day on a visit to the Stone Bridge.

This link of communication with the main land may be approached by the east road. Travelling along this thoroughfare, on either side will be seen hills, not of great altitude, but with gentle slopes and verdant valleys between them. "The surface is everywhere," says Dwight, "easy and graceful." That the grass is fine and plenty, the herds feeding on the hill sides and meadows testify. Rolling along, as we gaze we think of the excellent Dean Berkeley, not yet come to his see, who, doubtless, many a time and oft viewed this living landscape. Had the mitre of Cloyne *then* circled his beneficent brow, we might aptly have quoted the stave which a rural rhymester of England chanted on the occurrence of a "Visitation" of a Right Reverend Father in God of one of the English dioceses, and which ran somewhat in this fashion:—

“The mountains they did skip, and the little hills did hop,
To see His Reverence, my Lord Bi——shop !”

Orchards and homesteads greet us at every turn of the road. Unfortunately, the peachworm has played havoc with the blooming darlings of the sun ; but, as a substitute, on many a cherry tree hangs luscious fruit, which, half hidden by foliage, gleam

“ Like golden lamps in a green night.”

It is said that the trunks of some of these trees bear marks of the ravages of the British during the war, in the shape of bullet marks. Pity that they had not a better taste for cherries ! We can almost fancy the very stones (of the fruit) crying out against them, albeit they were brother redcoats !

Any one fond of pictures, good pictures, would do well to visit on his journey to the stone bridge, VAUCLUSE. It is to the right of the road, and a very Paradise of Painters. A natural gallery in little, Vaucluse, or Van Cluse, is the seat of T. R. Hazard, Esq., a gentleman well known as a keen appreciator of art, and a true philanthropist. To one, like ourselves, an art lover, we cannot say more than Try to procure from the collector and enshrine of the gems within this Vaucluse Casket, the permission of a peep, and if you succeed, and come away from the feast undelighted, then have we no partiality for pigments, and a contempt for canvass.

On our way we observe a Friends' Meeting House, just below the hill called Meeting House Hill, and

sometimes Quaker Hill, in a valley where a battle was fought between the Americans under General Sullivan, and the British under Sir Robert Pigot. The Americans had crossed the river with an intention of attacking the British force at Newport, while the French fleet under the command of the Count D'Estang, was expected to second their efforts by sea. The Count being drawn from his station by the address of Lord Howe, put to sea in pursuit of the British fleet. Here he was overtaken by a violent storm, August 11th, and suffered so severely, that he concluded to return to Boston with his fleet. A small number of his ships only came up with the British, and these were roughly handled. Thus the enterprise was abandoned by the French Admiral. Afterwards, an engagement took place in the valley, between the Americans under General Greene, and the British, in which the British had the worst of it.

In the narrowest part of Narragansett Bay, which is formed by the influx of the Taunton and Pawtucket Rivers, it is about half a mile from Rhode Island to the eastern shore. Here formerly existed Howland's Ferry, but now, a substantial structure spans the flood, which, with arrowy swiftness, rushes beneath. Two bridges had been erected over the tide, which at this strait is amazingly rapid, but both failed; the second, erected at a cost of \$26,000, was ruined by the sea worms.

Some years since it was proposed to form a communication between the Island and the main land, by

filling up the whole breadth of the East River, except a narrow passage, with stone dropped into the water, and suffered to fall as chance might direct, and one third of the depth was said to be filled with the foundations of the ruined bridges. Seventy thousand dollars, it was supposed, could not cover the whole expense.

This project was carried into execution. From the Tiverton side plenty of stone was obtained, and in 1806 the proposed bridge was completed. Masses of granite of various sizes had been brought to the spot, dropped into the water, and suffered to fall *ad libitum*. In this way the vast heaps, with a passage between them, were raised to the low water mark. Above this a bridge of the same materials was raised of mason work, to the proper height above high-water mark, when strong walls of stone were built at the sides, and the flooring covered with gravel. The work was executed under the superintendence of Daniel Lyman, Esq., and cost \$70,000.

Here may be obtained fine views of the once Mount Hope—now Bristol—where once in sylvan grandeur resided Massassoit, the celebrated Sachem of the Wampanoags, and also his son Philip.

There is a capital hotel here—the Stone Bridge House (on the Tiverton side), which in the season is a place of great resort, and where, it is almost needless to say, anything conducive to creature comfort may be obtained.

The great sport here is “sharking”—not at the

hotel, but on the shore—for the sea lawyers are frequent visitors to Narragansett Bay. Close to the Stone Bridge, may these voracious creatures be hooked, and when at the end of a pork-baited line one of the ferocious fish flounders savagely on the land, much joy reigns throughout the neighborhood, because the unfortunate *Carcharias Vulgaris* has expiated imaginary crimes. We cannot, for the life of us, join in the howl against the shark—it only, when it nips a limb, follows its natural instincts—as Dr. Watts says :

“ It is their nature to.”

Sharks must have something to eat, and are often hungry. We fancy that those who most blame, are subject to like passions, and gratify them with as much gusto as a shark disposes of a dead sailor. The truth is, we created beings are all of us eating animals. The civilized citizen disguises his food by cookery; the beasts take theirs raw—that is all the difference. The Alderman rejoices in turtle; the Cannibal in his “ cold roast missionary.” This latter fact was keenly felt by a newly created bishop of New Zealand, who just before sailing to his diocese, called to bid Sydney Smith good bye. “ You are fat, and full of gravy,” remarked the consolatory Canon of St. Paul’s, “ and you are going among Cannibals—but, my dear fellow, if they eat you, I hope you’ll disagree with their stomachs.”

A few years since, while a lad was fishing in a

small boat, in the outer harbor of Newport, his boat was attacked in a most furious manner by a shark. After the first attack, the shark leaped from the ocean into the boat, which from his floundering he would have sunk, had not another boat, near at hand, come to the relief of the boy. With great difficulty the monster was killed. He measured eight feet in length, was of the most ferocious of his species, and an unmistakable marine man-eater. He weighed nearly four hundred pounds.

CHAPTER XVIII.

USEFUL INFORMATION—PROFESSIONAL LISTS—BANKS—
STAGES, &c. &c.

STATISTICS are very dry, and directories are dull ; but useful information is not always sure, as Mr. Micawber would say, to turn up now and then just in the “nick of time.” Therefore we deem it advisable to jot down a few items of information, which may be serviceable and save trouble to the stranger in Newport.

The CLERGY LIST will be found in our chapter on Churches.

PHYSICIANS IN NEWPORT.

- Dr. Theophilus C. Dunn.
- Dr. James Turner.
- Dr. Daniel Watson.
- Dr. Cotton.
- Dr. David R. King.
- Dr. J. J. Ellis, Portsmouth.
- Dr. Henry Turner.
- Dr. O. C. Turner.
- Dr. W. A. Watson.
- Dr. Buller.
- Dr. Wood, (Botanic Physician.)
- Dr. Reh, (Hydropathic Physician.)

LAWYERS.

George Turner, Esq.
Henry Y. Cranstoun, Esq.
C. G. Perry, Esq.
William H. Cranstoun.
Wm. Gilpin, Esq.

BANKS.

Newport Bank.
Rhode Island Bank.
R. I. Union Bank.
New England Commercial Bank.
Traders' do.
Merchants' do.
Exchange do.
Savings do.

LIBRARY (CIRCULATING).

Mr. James Hammond.

Upwards of 8000 volumes of standard works, to which additions are constantly being made, are to be found in this well-appointed establishment. An excellent catalogue has been prepared, and Mr. Hammond himself is a bibliopole of the best class.

NEWSPAPER AND PERIODICAL DEPOT.

Benj. T. Tilley.

NEWSPAPERS.

Newport Daily News and (Weekly) Herald of the Times. (Whig.) Edited by Wm. H. Cranstoun, Esq.

Newport Weekly Mercury, (Neutral). Established 1761. Edited by George C. Mason, Esq.

Newport Advertiser—a Democratic Organ (Weekly). Edited by Jas. Atkinson, Esq.

POST OFFICE—THAMES STREET.

Post Master—M. J. Coggeshall.

COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS.

Hon. E. W. Lawton.

TELEGRAPH AND EXPRESS OFFICE,

At Kinsleys', in Thames street, near the United States Hotel.

HOTELS.

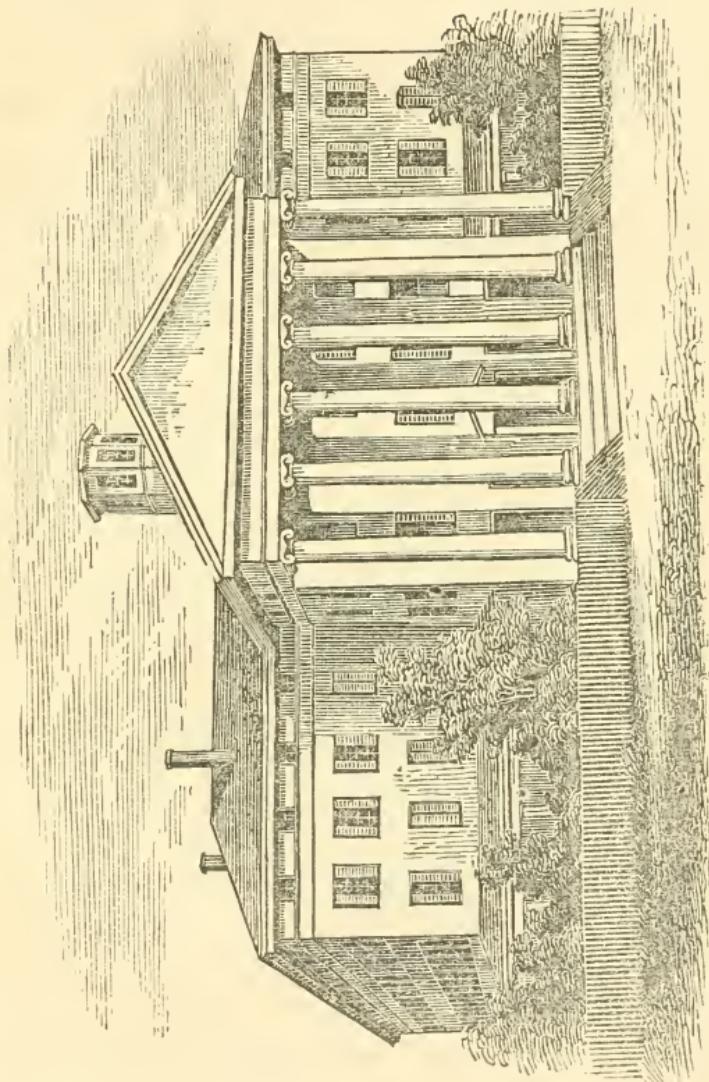
Ocean House—Touro street.

Mr. John Weaver, proprietor.

The drawing-room of this establishment is really superb, and the other appointments of the house admirable.

Atlantic House—Corner of Pelham and Touro streets.

Mr. Joseph B. Weaver, proprietor.



ATLANTIC HOUSE.

An admirable establishment—fitted up with taste and splendor, and with every accommodation for visitors.

Belle Vue Hotel—Belle Vue street.

Mr. William Hazard, proprietor.

This hotel possesses one of the finest dining-rooms in America, and the bed-rooms and private apartments possess every desirable convenience.

United States Hotel—Pelham and Main streets.

Mr. A. B. Copeland, proprietor.

A centrally situated hotel—in the very heart of the town, and near the steamboat wharves.

Park House—near the State House.

Proprietor, Mr. Edw. A. Hassard.

A capital hotel—and provided with all conveniences for families and business men.

Pelham Street House.

Mr. Horton, proprietor.

A quiet, respectable hotel, and well managed.

BOARDING HOUSES.

Church Street House—Mr. A. Wilbur.

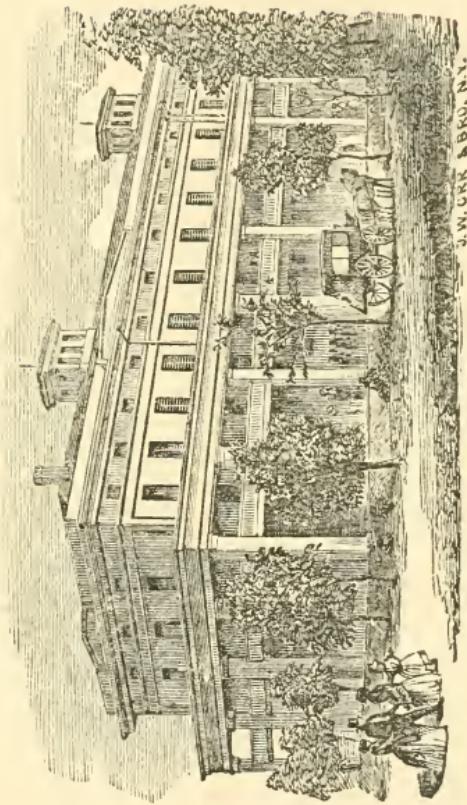
Murray House—Mrs. Murray.

Kay Street House—Miss Anthony.

Touro House—Mr. E. Sheldon.

Bateman's House, near Castle Hill—S. Bateman, Esq.

There are a number of other boarding houses beside these above named, that may easily be found out in an hour's stroll through Newport.



BELLE VUE HOUSE.

MILITARY COMPANY.

The Artillery Company, formed in 1741, commanded by Col. G. G. Perry ; and by its charter allowed officers with titles of Regimental Officers ; is in a flourishing condition, and excellent drill. They have a fine stone Armory, next south of the Central Baptist Church.

BATHS.

Oriental Baths—Corne street. These baths are admirably arranged, and are presided over by Dr. Charles B. Peckham, who is the Priessnitz of Vapour. We commend and recommend Dr. Peckham's establishment to all who require such aid as he affords.

HOT AND COLD WATER BATHS.

These baths, situated on Long-wharf, are kept by Judge Trevett, “a fine old gentleman all of the olden time,” whose chit-chat is as pleasant as are his baths, and that is saying a good deal. A long time ago he was the dominie of a boy's school, and among his pupils were some now men of note. Governor Marcy was at one time his assistant !

BEACH BATHING.

Bathing House Proprietors—

Mr. Goffe,

Mr. Oman,

Messrs. Tew & Crosby.

LIVERY STABLES.

A. Stewart, Pelham street.
Messrs. Tennents, Touro street.
Mr. Hazard, near Court House.
A. B. Copeland, United States Hotel.

STAGES.

Kinsley's—to Fall River and Providence daily.

STEAMBOATS.

Empire State,
State of Maine,
Bay State, } Between New York and Boston
Perry, to Providence daily.
Canonicus, during summer to Fall River, and
Miantonomi, do. do. to Providence.

The accommodations on board these boats are admirable. The Perry is a beautiful vessel, and a delightful trip to Providence and back in her, cannot fail to delight. Her officers are all that can be wished.

FIRE ENGINE AND HOSE COMPANIES.

There are seven fire companies in Newport, all admirably managed.

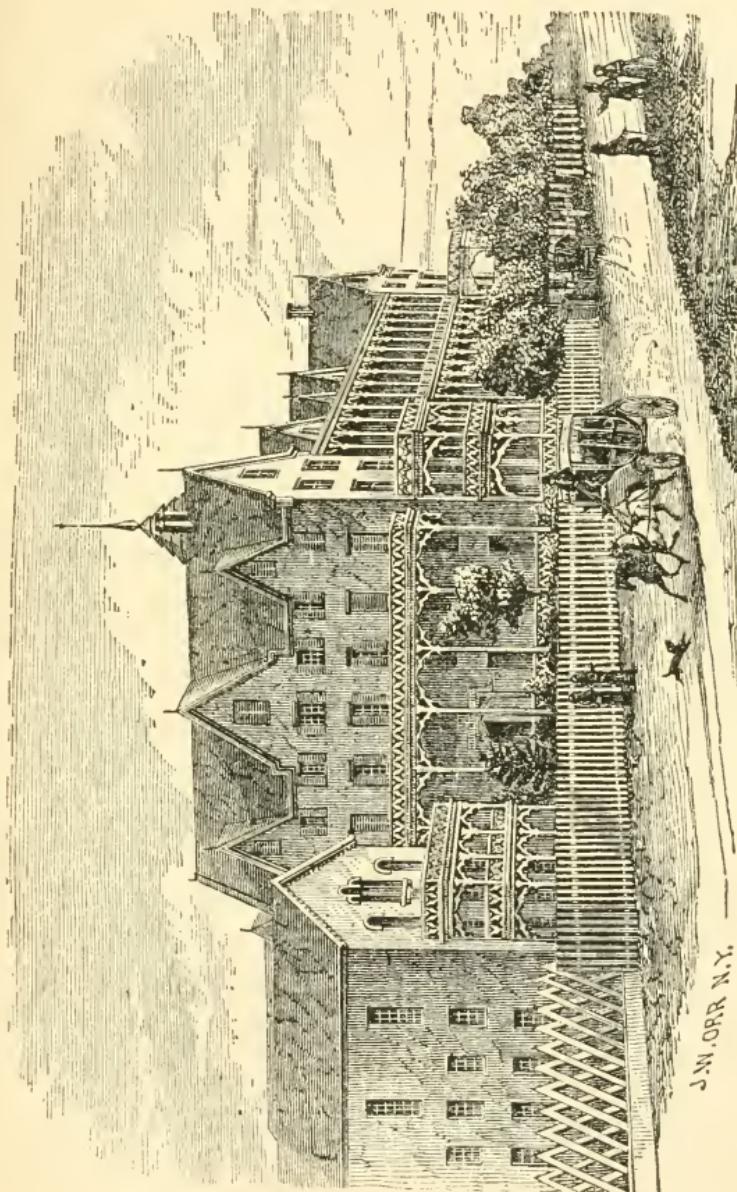
PLEASURE BOATS

May be hired at reasonable rates, at various wharves.

BOWLING SALOONS, &C.

Mr. Goffe's, next north of the Ocean House. These alleys, to quote the seductive card of the proprietor, are of the first class, and are not surpassed by any in the country. They number fourteen in all, five of which are expressly for ladies.

There are billiard tables, and other passing-away-time appliances, at Mr. Goffe's. Mr. Cobb, on the Bath road, has the bowling saloons long so well known as Vose's.



OCEAN HOUSE, NEWPORT.

J. M. ORR N.Y.

CHAPTER XIX.

MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS—A NEWPORT RELIC—MANSIONS—FISHING—THE GERMANIA SOCIETY—VALE.

OUR pleasant task is almost at an end ; not that we have exhausted our subject ; for during our pen-and-ink rambles about Newport, material has so crowded upon us, that, were we so minded, we might swell this little book into a bulky volume. But then it would not be a hand-book—a companion for a walk, and an amusement during rest. So, as poor Dora Copperfield said, “It is better as it is.”

Perhaps some who run their eyes over these light pages may feel inclined to follow up the idea, and collect, in a better and more solid form, matter which may properly be styled a history of Newport. There is a wide and an open field for the topographer and local chronicler in this fine old town. Here many stirring scenes have been enacted, and here many a house has its history. We have only cleared away the sod : let others dig the shaft, and they will scarcely fail to bring to the surface ore worth the having, and which they may smelt in the furnace of truth with advantage.

Some of this historical local ore lies *on* the surface,

and needs little delving for. For instance, a day or two since, we chanced to stroll into a wharf-side store, and saw fastened against the wall a huge log of wood. It was old, worm-eaten and decayed, and, so far, not attractive ; but on it was stuck a slip, cut from a newspaper ; and, being readers of everything that comes in our way, we put on our spectacles, and, gathering up, to save them from the dust and grease of the oil casks, the skirts of our snuff-colored coat, we read as follows :

“It is not generally known (says the *Providence Journal*) that the remains of Captain Cook’s ship, the *Endeavor*, are now lying in the harbor of Newport. This was the ship which carried out the celebrated Sir Joseph Banks, and the great Swedish naturalist, Dr. Solander. A well-known scientific gentleman of the city of New York, Dr. John W. Francis, during the last summer, obtained a piece of one of her timbers, with the view of having it made into snuff-boxes, to be distributed among the most eminent scientific societies in Europe and America. The ‘*Endeavor*’ was purchased for a whaling vessel, and her ultimate destiny was to deposit her bones in the waters of Newport harbor.”

The Boston *Transcript*, of the 29th ult., on the authority of eminent shipmasters, denied that the remains of the *Endeavor* were lying in the neighborhood of Newport, and asserted that they lie in the river Thames. On the following day, however, it appeared that a gentleman who had noticed said de-

nial called at the office of the *Transcript*, and placed in the editor's hands a piece of the wood of the ship in question, together with the subjoined certificate, which the editor considers beyond dispute :

“ I, John B. Gilpin, his Britannic majesty's consul for the State of Rhode Island, do hereby certify, to the best of my knowledge and belief, that the annexed small piece of wood is part of the keel of his Britannic majesty's late ship, the *Endeavor*, in which Captain James Cook made his first voyage round the world, in the years 1768–69–70 and 71, accompanied by Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander.

“ The *Endeavor* was afterwards sold to Mr. William Hayden, of New Bedford, though at that time resident in France, and fitted out from Dunkirk on whaling voyages. She afterwards came to Newport, Rhode Island, and consigned to Messrs. Gibbs and Channing, from whom I had this information, and, taking on board a return cargo, met with some accident in Newport harbor, was unloaded, condemned as unseaworthy, and left to decay. I have frequently seen her hull at low water, and the annexed piece of wood was cut from her keel, under my own inspection, by John Mason, an honest laborer of this place, and has ever since been in my possession.

“ Whereupon, attestation being requested, I have given the same, under my hand and seal of office, at Newport, Rhode Island, this 14th day of August, 1834.

JOHN B. GILPIN.”

Now is not that an interesting piece of wood ? What voyages it had made ! how it had ploughed through the Pacific and dashed through the Atlantic ! How had it creaked in storm and defied the dashing waves ! How it madly beat from the Isle where the first navigator was murdered ! and how, at last, it rests in a store-house in the New World !

When the *Endeavor* lay in Newport harbor, the September gales howled around and broke it up ; the piece of which we are speaking was made a post of, and stood on one of Newport streets for years. Then it was uprooted, and now it quietly reposes, a memorial of ancient adventure.

It stands in the store of Mr. Joshua Sayer, on Sayer's wharf, and any hunter after such relics may there see it. It is a great attraction to many, and, on one occasion, Captain Cook's own daughter, who lived at Philadelphia, begged a piece out of which to make a frame for her father's miniature. She was gratified—but the owner prizes his adventurous log so much that, we fancy, no similar application would be entertained for a moment.

Elsewhere we have “done” the *Stone Tower* into verse ; let us see what can be versified about this relic of

THE ENDEAVOR—AN OCEAN FRAGMENT.

I.

A simple bit of old brown wood,
Worm-eaten and decayed,
Recovered, waif like, from the flood,
Is all that's here surveyed ;

And yet in it the thoughtful mind
A history, like romance, may find.

II.

Within some English forest dim,
It grew a stately tree,
Waving, when breezes woke the hymn
Of natural minstrelsy!
Bright birds among its foliage glanced,
And village-folk beneath it danced !

III.

A crash ! down fell the Forest King !
The woods groaned as it dropped ;
Men gazed upon each century-ring,
Its giant boughs they lopped ;
And where leaf-shadows danced of yore,
Unsheltered was earth's grassy floor.

IV.

Sound was the oak-tree's frame, and lo !
Ere long by craftsman's art,
The trunk was shaped into a prow,
Old ocean's waves to part :
And from the soil in which it grew,
It sped away to islands new.

V.

Cook, fearless, paced his vessel's deck,
As swept the ENDEAVOR on ;
Behind him England lay, a speck—
Before him lands un-won !
Soon sailed he where Pacific waves
Roll o'er sharp reefs and coral caves !

VI.

On, onward still, by science urged,
The ENDEAVOR speeds her way !
And now her anchor lies submerged
In Otaheite's Bay !
Half round the globe her way hath been,
And rests she 'neath the mountains green !

VII.

The Mango's dark and feathery palm,
 Grows 'neath that tropic sky ;
 And breezes redolent of balm
 From spice-groves whisper by ;
 And gem-like constellations smile
 Above that lovely southern isle !

VIII.

With eager hands they launch a boat ;
 Swift speed they toward the land—
 And on the stranger-beach they note
 A seeming friendly band :
 COOK and his brethren of the seas,
 Are welcomed by the savages !

IX.

What need anew the tale to tell—
 Oft told by History's tongue,
 How COOK heard in the frightful yell
 His solemn death-peal rung !
 Enough to say from that sad shore
 The ENDEAVOR's deck he reached no more !

X.

Away once more through ocean's brine
 The ship her courses ran,
 Until her world-encircling line
 Ended where it began !
 Then, strained and worn, they braced her frame
 And called her by another name.

XI.

Time passed—the Atlantic wave she crossed ;
 And then the "whaler" lay,
 No more by foaming billows tossed,
 In Narragansett Bay !
 The old ENDEAVOR's timbers shrank
 And rotted upon Newport's bank !

XII.

Loud raves the equinoctial gale ;
Fearful is ocean's roar !
Huge bolts to bind each timber fail—
The ENDEAVOR floats no more !
Ended her wondrous voyages,
Her torn limbs float o'er moaning seas.

XIII.

One, the prow rescued from the wave,
In antiquarian mood ;
And, as an old-world relic, gave
This travelled bit of wood !
On which I think whene'er I look,
Of the ENDEAVOR and of COOK !

Did our space allow, we should like to make a list of the works of art to be found in Newport. There are many, but we can only hint at their depositories; and we should be gratified, too, to particularize those which are historically interesting. Pleasant would it be to gaze from Mr. William Vernon's fine mansion on the beautiful bay and coast scenery which it commands! Delightful too, would it be to visit the late seat of the Hon. Charles Collins, a former Lieutenant-Governor of Rhode Island, and, standing on its verdant lawn, with a woody background, to dream over the revolutionary reminiscences connected with it. Nor would we leave unvisited Mr. Charles Lyman's lovely dwelling; and then we could stroll to the neighborhood of the third beach, where dwells, in a charming situation, and surrounded by exquisite scenery, Lieutenant-Governor Arnold—a gentleman of fine literary tastes, an acutely observant traveller,

and who, we believe, is now writing the history of his native State.

Nearer home is the almost palatial residence of W. S. Wetmore, Esq.—a house which strikes us as being the *ne plus ultra* of taste and utility ; the elegant mansion of Edward King, Esq., which, with its grounds, occupies ten acres in the very heart of the town ; and the beautiful house of W. H. King, Esq., near the Redwood Library. Mr. King's library room deserves mention—it is a place which a student would covet.

Then there is the fine cottage of Richard Derby, Esq., at the head of Pelham street, which is a sort of Strawberry Hill, for on it is an assemblage of articles of *vertu*—pictures and bijouterie, which might make a Walpole's mouth water ! and, noticeable too, is the Hon. David Sears's cottage, with its well-planted surrounding twenty acres ; the charming dwellings of Mrs. Grant, Mr. Morgan Gibbs, Mr. Wright, Mr. Mason, Mr. Kane, Mrs. Bruen, Mr. Izard, and Governor Gibbs—the latter a fine old mansion, opposite the Stone Mill.

It has almost escaped us to mention among the attractions of Newport—one, which during the season, is a source of great delight to the lovers of sweet sounds. We refer to the GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY. This melodious association consists of twenty-three members—all connected with good families, and each a superior musician. They are in summer time engaged by the hotels—half of them playing at

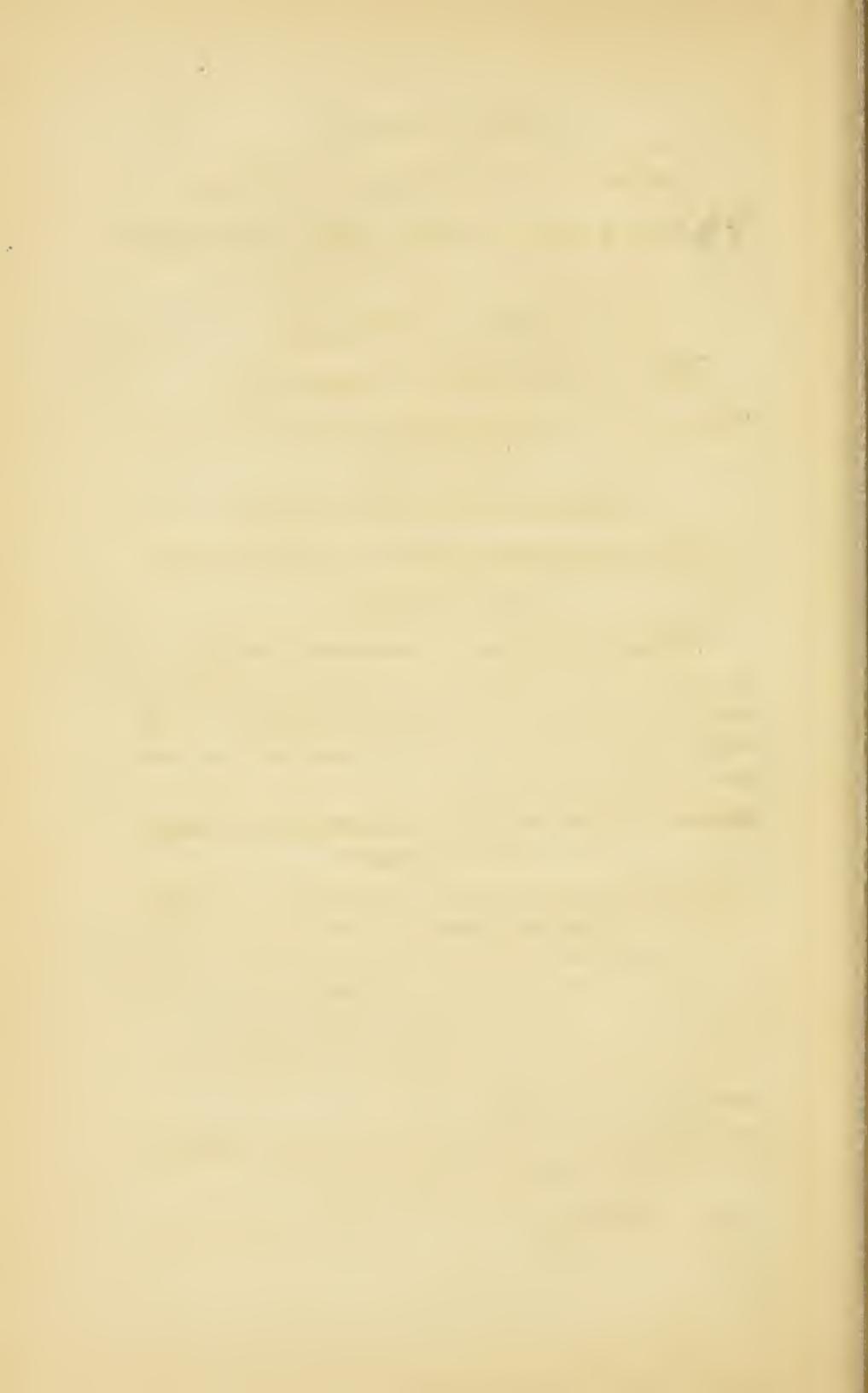
the Ocean House, and the others being divided between the Atlantic House and Belle Vue Hotel. During one hour, these bands perform at each house, while the guests promenade, and from nine to twelve in the evening during dancing, or in the intervals devoted to gossip. In the season, the Germanians give other concerts, which are always and deservedly well attended, for they are highly popular.

Carl Bergmann, formerly leader of Strauss's celebrated band, is the leader of the Germanians. He is a distinguished composer.

The summer season is not *the* sporting season—but there is one branch of out-of-door amusement, Fly Fishing—which some disciple of Izaac Walton may like to indulge in, far away from the busy crowds. For the information of such, I would just hint that in the neighborhood of South Kingston may be found a trout stream, where two or three pound fish are to be taken by a good whipper of the water. There are other streams in Wickford, in the neighborhood of Warwick. Those who may feel inclined to take a longer trip in search of sport, should repair to Tiverton, in the vicinity of the Stone Bridge, already described, where they will, if they know how to make or choose and throw a fly, find ample employment for their rods.

And now, reader, we bid you farewell, hoping that you have found our little book what it was intended to be—A useful Hand-Book for Newport.

13 Dec., 1872



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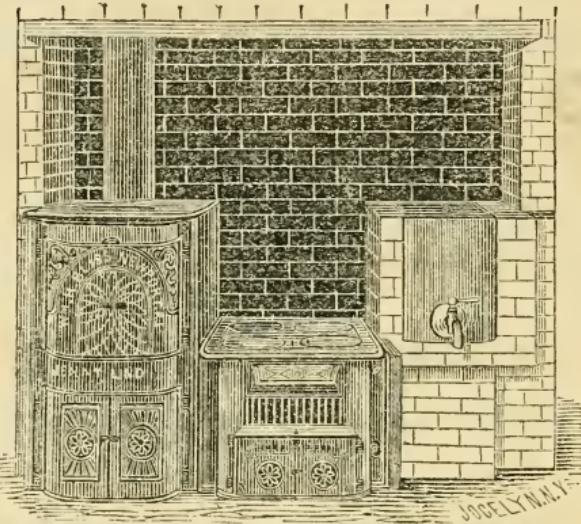
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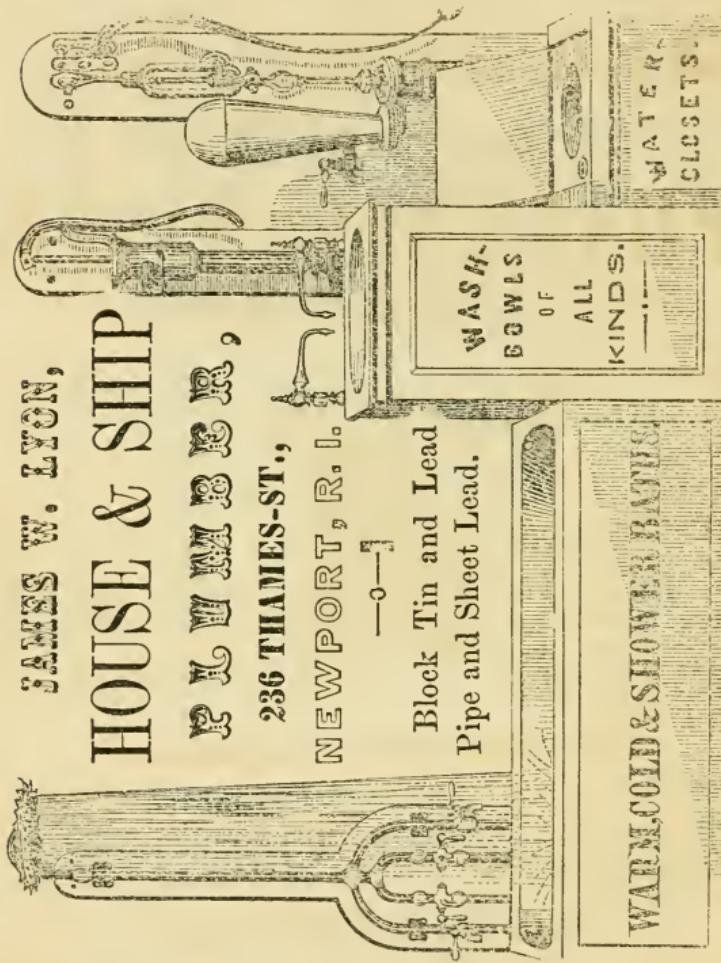
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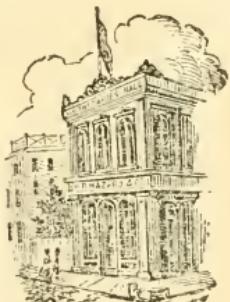
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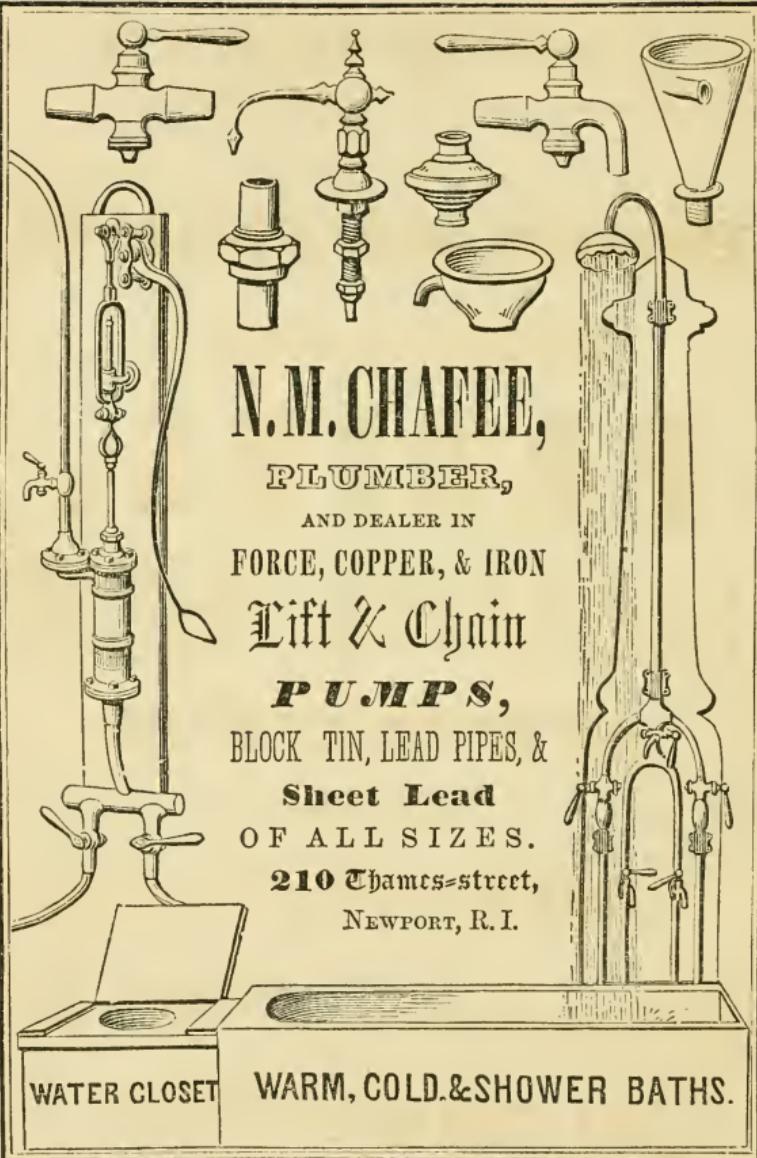
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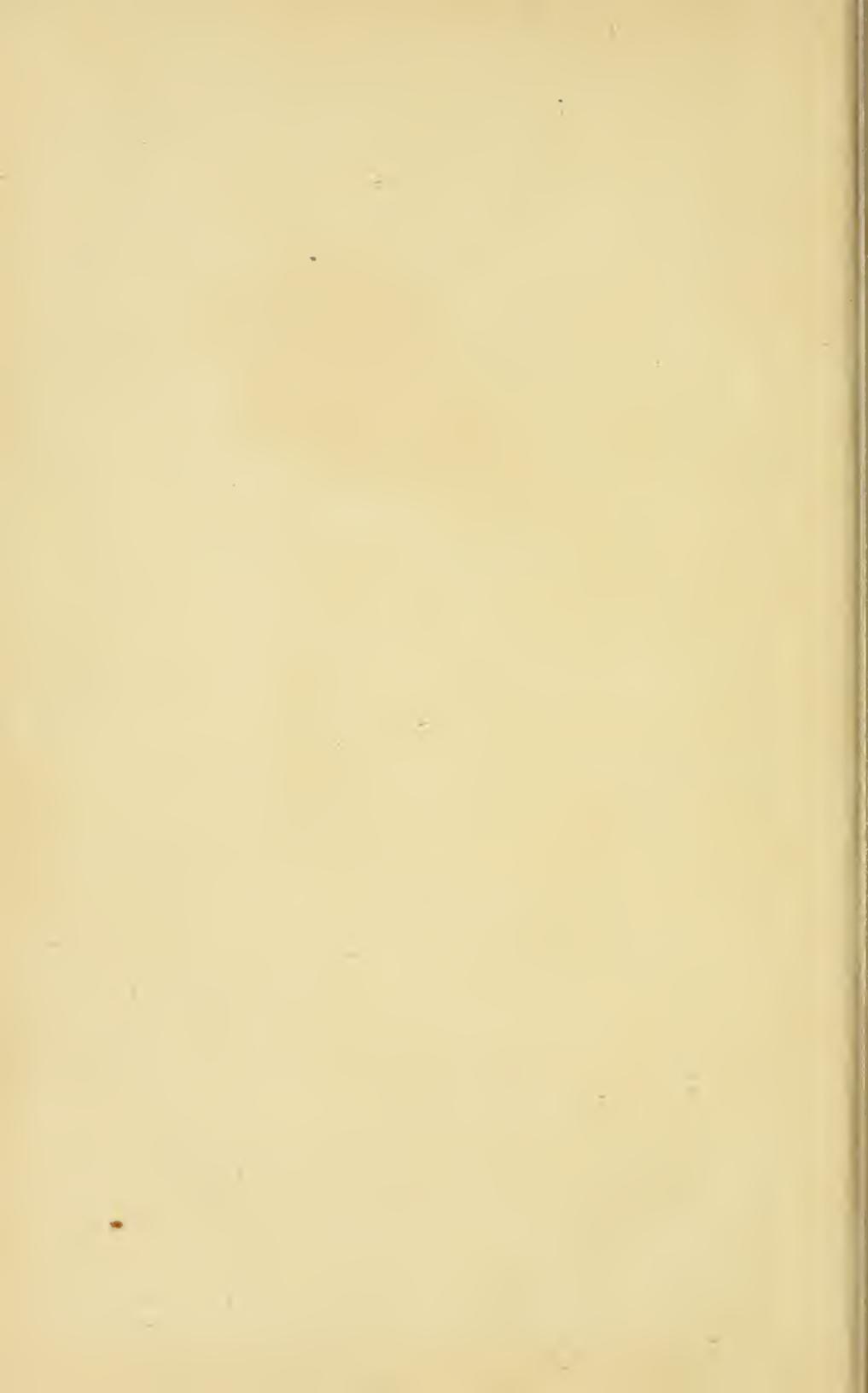
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